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THE NEW
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## CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 1
RUSSIAN PRIDE AND BRITISH PREJUDICE . . . 4
WHO ARE THE NON-CO-OPERATORS? . . . . . 5
THE HOUSE OF MORGAN . . . . . 6
A LONDON DIARY . . . . . 7
A HINT TO HITLER. By MacFlecknoe . . . 8
DINNER. By Y. Y. . . . . 9
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . 10
From "Irishman"; C. Fulford; W. J. Brown; J. R. Howie; George J. Hall; Lord Olivier; Colin Lucas; Philip Jordan.
H. W. NEVINSON. By Harold J. Laski . . . 12
MATISSE AND PICASSO. By Clive Bell . . . 12
THE B.B.C. CONCERT ORGAN. By W. J. Turner . 13
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 14
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 16
REVIEWS:
Early Chinese Painting. By Roger Fry . . . 17
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones . . . . . 18
Bird Photography. By H. E. Bates . . . . 20
Health and Eugenics. By Harry Roberts . . 20
Sir Arthur Salter's Notebook . . . . . 22
Three Social Problems. By Ashley Sampson . 24
A Great Occasion. By Richard Strachey . . 26
SHORTER NOTICES . . . . . 26
ABOUT MOTORING . . . . . 28
PLAYTIME. By Caliban . . . . . 28
THE WEEK IN THE CITY . . . . . 30

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THE long and bitter fight over India in the Conservative Party has ended in a heavy defeat for the Die-hards. Mr. Baldwin has promised that before the policy of the White Paper is passed into law there will be further consultations; but, bar accidents, the majority in its favour is not likely to be upset. Nothing new was said in the debate on Wednesday. Mr. Churchill and Lord Lloyd, reinforced by that octogenarian pillar of reaction, Lord Carson, tried for the thousandth time to make their hearers' flesh creep. But the mass of the Tories know very well that concessions must be made to the demand for Indian freedom, on grounds both of prudence and of honour. They know, too, that the Die-hard bogies are hollow things—the danger is not that the "safeguards" are inadequate, but that they will prove so ample as to be quite inacceptable to the most powerful section of Indian sentiment. The possibility of resistance in India is, indeed, Mr. Churchill's main chance of stampeding his party. To avert that the Government will need statesmanship as well as luck.

### The Nazis' Progress

The Nazis have been having another busy week. Herr Hugenberg, the Nationalist leader, has been forced at last to resign, and his Party has "dissolved itself." This action is charmingly described in an official announcement as a proof of the goodwill of the Nationalists to the Government. There have been more wholesale arrests of Socialists, Communists and Trade Unionists, attacks on the Catholic and the Protestant churches, and a determined drive against the Bavarian People's Party. Herr von Papen has gone to Rome to discuss the Catholics' position in Germany and, it is said, to negotiate a Concordat with the Vatican. He should have his work cut out! The Protestants are being interfered with in various ways, notably by the imposition of lay commissioners—Nazis, of course—with large powers. Some of the orders issued by the new officials make grateful references to "God and His instrument Adolf Hitler." Meanwhile, the technique of Nazi propaganda becomes increasingly bold. No one—not even the German Air Ministry—seems to have actually seen the mysterious foreign aeroplanes which were said to have flown over Berlin, and no one knows what was written on the anti-Nazi leaflets which are said to have been dropped. But the story serves to support a reputed demand from the "terrified population" for defence against this peril. That presumably means an air-police force, which will be the embryo of the military air force forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles.

### The Great Illusion, 1933

Are the other Powers simply going to sit still and permit Germany to rearm? The only announcement so far is that the Disarmament Conference is to adjourn till October. That can mean nothing but the end of the effort to disarm, and in effect the end of the League of Nations. If disagreement was reached on every vital topic last month, will accommodation be any easier in October,

when the French will be able with overwhelming force to point to rearmament as a *fait accompli* in Germany? A visitor from Mars or any planet less warlike than this one would say that the only sane course is for the other Powers to warn Germany that rearmament will bring upon her the sanctions of Versailles, or for all the nations to enable themselves individually to disarm by pooling their resources for their joint security. But the Governments in the League have shown in the case of Japan (whose success has been a great encouragement to Hitler) that they have never intended to make the League a reality. They suffer, as Sir Norman Angell argues in his new and up-to-date edition of the *Great Illusion*, from all the illusions that led up to the war of 1914. His great pamphlet remains as true and as devastating as ever. But the main difference between 1914 and 1933—a difference not fully appreciated by Sir Norman—is that the vested interests which made for war with Germany before 1914, to-day rather favour a strong anti-communist Power in Central Europe. The armament interest is only one of these, but it is significant that very friendly visits have recently been exchanged between the air interests in the two countries, and it is no close secret that German rearmament is likely to take place with British aid.

**Restricting Output**

The grand scheme for making us all prosperous by restricting output goes ahead, but not without encountering plenty of obstacles. This week attention has been centred mainly on the attempt to secure a world agreement for limiting, if not the wheat crop, at any rate the acreage sown. The United States, Canada and the Argentine are reported as favouring restriction on these lines. Australia and the Danubian countries are hostile, Russia is somewhat cynically observant. To us the entire scheme appears fantastically unworkable, even in some of the countries which are said to favour it. If the Canadian farmer in the prairie provinces is to be forbidden to grow wheat, what is he to grow instead? Is the Canadian Government to pay him for keeping his land idle; and, if so, where is the money to come from? Are the peasants in the Danubian States to submit to regulation of the acreage they are to be allowed to sow? Without compensation, they plainly cannot; and who is to pay them compensation? Will the wheat-importing countries consent, in order to raise wheat prices against themselves, to give up the measures they have adopted for encouraging home production in the interests of their own farmers and of the balance of trade? Will Russia agree to restrict her wheat acreage, or even to limit her exports, except in return for concessions which other countries are by no means likely to offer her? A restriction scheme of this kind will prove very difficult to draw up. If it is drawn up it will not work; and if it did work it would be altogether the wrong way of attempting to solve our difficulties.

**Roosevelt's Dilemma**

President Roosevelt has set himself the task of raising prices as a contribution to the revival of domestic prosperity in the United States. He seems to be succeeding far beyond expectations; there are already in the American commodity markets all the signs of an inflationary boom. On Tuesday there was dollar wheat again at Chicago, and cotton prices were higher than they had been for over two years. Retail, as well as wholesale, prices are moving up fast, and losses are being turned into profits at an extraordinary rate. The question is—can it last? If prices move up fast, and wages and salaries do not, who is to buy the goods at the higher prices set by speculative activity? Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are doubtless aware of this dilemma, and they are making efforts to get employers to raise wages, as well as to expand employment. But so far wages and salaries are lagging far behind, and such increases as have taken place have been mainly among the very lowest paid workers. When the Industrial Recovery Act gets into operation there will be more power in the President's hands to insist on adequate wage-increases; but it will need all his authority to get employers generally to raise wages just when they see a chance of quick profits out of the speculative boom. Yet, unless Mr. Roosevelt can raise consumers' incomes in correspondence with the rise in prices, his entire policy is bound to fail. A speculative rise in prices cannot be long sustained unless there is a parallel improvement in the volume of consumers' demand. For this reason, by far the most important part of the Industrial Recovery Act is the wage-regulating power which it confers; and we can see the real test of the President's policy coming just as soon as he does try to coerce big business into balancing higher prices with adequate working-class incomes.

**Storm in the Pyrenees**

A first-class row is going on in the tiny peasant Republic of Andorra in the Pyrenees. The Council-General, or Parliament, has been at odds with the suzerain Powers of France and Spain—or, to be more exact, with the so-called Co-Princes, the President of the French Republic and the Bishop of Urgel. The Council wants to develop the country by granting concessions—including a sweepstake concession to an Australian syndicate, another for a gaming Casino, and yet another for the sale of postage stamps to collectors. Meanwhile, both France and Spain have set up their own postal systems, much to the chagrin of the Council, which is showing a thoroughly rebellious spirit. It has even gone to the length, we are told, of refusing the Bishop his regular Christmas tribute of hams, cheeses and chickens. Now the Corts, or tribunal of three judges (foreigners appointed by the Co-Princes) has dismissed the Council from office; the Council refuses to go and has called an assembly of the people to decide what shall be done. What the decision will be we do not know; but if it is for defiance, the odds would seem to be on the President and the Bishop. It will be a pity if this little community loses its independence. It would also be a pity to have the mountains and valleys of Andorra turned into a tenth-rate Monte Carlo.

**Squeezing Mr. Chamberlain**

The distressed areas are up in arms over the offer of £500,000 made to them by the Government pending the deferred legislation which is to deal with the maintenance of the unemployed. At a Conference this week the representatives of the distressed areas rejected the offer as totally inadequate, and demanded that the Government should think again. The Government, being anxious to avoid any fresh budgetary charges, first intended to raise the sum required for the distressed areas by a levy on the

where unemployment is less severe. This project d to appeal to the richer areas. Sir Hilton Young to abandon the idea of helping Lazarus out of Dives' et, and to accept the national obligation to tide the essed areas over until the new promised legislation been actually passed. In the circumstances, the date hich the new arrangements can come into force, and their probable nature, being quite uncertain, half a on pounds seems to be a very miserly offer; it is to oped that the local authorities in the distressed areas keep up the pressure until something more reason- has been squeezed out of Mr. Chamberlain.

### tarising the Police

he debates on the Police Bill have shown how little National Government cares for the really valuable tions of our national life. Sir John Gilmour defended roposal to create a new officer caste on the strange nd that men who are not promoted from the ranks who are to be debarred from joining in discussion their comrades in the Police Federation will have it rt of their training and duty "to be conversant with nterests of the rank and file." We are not surprised some critics thought this smelt of spying. He went argue that it would be far better that there should be n *esprit de corps* among those in the College on the one side d those outside the College on the other.

this it will be useless to pretend that the Govern- is not in fact militarising the police force and destroy- hat infinitely valuable feature of British life by which olice have been part of the general public and not so many other countries an instrument which the can use at any time for the suppression of liberty.

### lity at Cricket.

e Test Match result seems to show that the West n XI is not yet quite of a class to stand up against an sh team as strong as any that this generation has n. Our visitors were handicapped at Lords by the ess of Headley, the absence of Constantine and the ss of the wicket. On the other hand the wicket ndoubtedly at its worst during the English innings e second morning of play, and then the West Indians to press home an advantage gained by very efficient ng. The fact is that only Headley, among the most tful of all living batsmen, and Constantine are really ernational class, the rest being good County players. o be hoped that the experience of this Tour will make em the winning side which all cricket enthusiasts them to be. No team could be more popular with blic. Their spontaneity alike in triumph and in ity wins all hearts, while the spectacle of a team hite and half black, living together in such perfect y, is a delight to the philosopher. The Jamaica ions, so long a disgrace to the British Empire, can aim to be one of the major successes of Imperialism.

**MR. J. M. KEYNES on TIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY**

week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will de the first of two articles by Mr. J. M. Keynes n the problem of National Self-Sufficiency

### Dollfuss and Hitler

OUR correspondent in Vienna writes: The suppression of the Nazis in Austria, if it simplifies, does not greatly facilitate, the work of Dr. Dollfuss's Government. The Chancellor himself was very unwilling to agree to the proscription; he was pushed into it by the ambitious chief of the police, Major Fey, who is one of the pillars of the Heimwehr. Their crimes, not their suppression, have in the last week or so appreciably weakened the Nazi appeal; the attempt of the Nazi press to blame Communist *agents provocateurs* has broken down, since the police have been able to establish that members of Nazi storm troops were definitely implicated. There is a lot of good Austrian feeling against the "Piffkes," the nickname for the arrogant Prussians; old soldiers particularly feel very strongly against those Germans who always told them they were good for nothing. But this is by no means the end of Hitlerism in Austria. The movement derives its strength mainly from two sources. First, it is due to the discontent of the young, who are proud to have been transformed into modern Carbonaris, and who believe that Austria needs only to be touched by the beneficent hands of "the Leader" to be saved. Secondly, there is, especially among the professional and middle classes, a widespread aversion, usually described here as "Liberalism," from the Catholic Church and, still more, from its political representatives, the Christian Socialist party. It is impossible, therefore, to describe the Dollfuss Government, which rests chiefly upon the Christian Socialists and the Heimwehr, as really popular. The Heimwehr is known to be financed by Italy and has to fight the stigma of being in the pay of the foreigner. The Germans, after all, may be widely disliked, but they are never placed in the category of foreigner.

* * *

The attacks of the Dollfuss Government upon Labour make it extraordinarily difficult for the Socialists to support the present regime. For Dollfuss, encouraged to some extent by the League of Nations representatives, is acting on the assumption that the slump can best be alleviated by lightening the burdens and obligations of the industrialists. The dictatorship is being operated in the interest of the employers. The eight-hour day for men, the forty-four hour week for women and young people, have been cancelled, railwaymen's wages have been cut, the pay for all overtime work has been reduced, the agreements with the builders, the bank and the insurance clerks have been cancelled, the right to strike has been abolished in all public and all important private concerns, and unemployment relief has been cut. The latest blow is the suppression of the Free Thinkers' Society; the Socialist fight against the Clericals is largely that of the Free Thinker against the Catholic, while the Nazi objection is more that of the Protestant. But both are afraid of how Dolfuss's Concordat with the Vatican is to affect education and the marriage laws.

* * *

Germans of the Reich undoubtedly instigated the Nazi outrages; Munich seems to have been the headquarters for the plotters. The Austrian Nazis have now been announced *qua* Germans, to be within the legal orbit of the official German Nazi organisation. This is, of course, an outrageous attitude for one sovereign State to take up towards the rebels in another. Austrians continually ask: "But what would England really do if it came to it? Could she not declare Hitler responsible, on pain of war, for any infraction of Austria's sovereignty by any German whatsoever?" There has been a great deal of talk the last few days about some sort of union between Austria and Hungary. An economic union is in every way to be desired, but a political union is only popular among the Legitimists of either country. "They would eat us up," is the average Austrian's attitude. Still Danubian co-operation is a commendable goal, and if France and Italy can keep in step, progress in this direction should be possible, all the more since Benes is eager for something of the kind.

# RUSSIAN PRIDE AND BRITISH PREJUDICE

THE embargo on Anglo-Russian trade has now been in force for more than two months, and last week, with both sides mounted on their high horses, it looked like continuing for ever. Into this murk of pride and prejudice the conversations at the Foreign Office between Sir John Simon and Mr. Litvinov have brought a gleam of hope. It will be a sorry breakdown of statesmanship—indeed, it will be a scandal—if a common-sense settlement is not reached. There are, of course, forces among the Tories which are doing their best to prevent a settlement. That organ of the gentlemen of England, the *Morning Post*, indulged itself the other day in an attack on the Soviet Foreign Minister which must have astonished even the scribes of the gutter press. The man's presence in this country, we are told, is resented, and the idea of the Prime Minister having lunch with him is horrifying. It may sometimes be necessary for politicians to do business with "enemies open and avowed." We find it possible, says the *Morning Post*,

> to imagine Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour negotiating with a Litvinov; but we cannot imagine them eating with him. They would not have done it, not only because it would have made them physically sick, but also because they understood the symbolism of life. As the representatives of a nation which had been injured and insulted, without apology and without redress, they could not have done it. And, moreover, they would not have done it, because they would have felt it to be bad statesmanship.

What venom and what twaddle! Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour were neither sentimental idiots nor cads, and the *Morning Post* pays a poor compliment both to their stomachs and to their manners.

But this lapse on the part of a newspaper which, though always outspoken and often truculent, has never been given to scurrility, need not be taken too tragically. What is more serious is the dope administered to the public by milder men. Mr. Baldwin made a speech at Glasgow last Saturday which, in the words of a leader writer in the *Times*, put the embargo question in its "proper perspective." Judging by the *Times's* own report of the speech, we should say that it put the question at the wrong end of a telescope—and a telescope with a pretty dirty lens. Mr. Baldwin believes it to be "quite a fallacy" that the embargo on Russian trade is increasing, or preventing the decrease of, unemployment in this country. He admits that in the last two years—"by granting credit"—we were able to sell a lot of engineering products to Russia. But, even before the imposition of the embargo, he avers, that trade was falling heavily, and the outlook is bad, because Russia "is seeking by every means to restrict importation as far as she can." And "a great deal of that Russian trade of which we hear," he goes on, "is trade that can never materialise unless we pay for it ourselves, and that is always an expensive and sometimes a risky proceeding." In short, his audience is asked to believe that Anglo-Russian trade is of little or no consequence to us; that Russia does not want our goods; and that if we do sell anything to her it is really a gift on our part, or that we are liable to be bilked.

If this is the truth, why should a new trade agreement be negotiated, as Mr. Baldwin says it will be, or may be, directly Messrs. Thornton and Macdonald are released and the embargo is taken off? Of course, it is not the truth, and if Mr. Baldwin does not know it he ought to. It is possible to exaggerate the value of Russian trade to Great Britain; but to pretend that it is not of great importance is a piece of wanton cynicism. "We are holding the unemployment position," Mr. Baldwin boasts, in a phrase which if not exactly elegant is reasonably intelligible. But "the unemployment position" means in plain English, according to the latest official figures, a total of some two and a half million Britons out of work. How many of these have lost their jobs through the embargo, or might get jobs if it were removed? At the Co-operative Congress three weeks ago, it was pointed out that the Co-operators were doing a trade with Russia amounting to £9,000,000, and the stoppage of that trade, it was estimated, would mean the unemployment of no less than 60,000 workpeople. Engineers, tool-makers, dockers and various other bodies of organised labour have made similar protests against the disastrous effects among their members. And if anyone mistrusts all this as coming from proletarians who are the dupes of Bolshevism (a childish supposition, to be sure), let him take evidence from bourgeois witnesses, industrialists and bankers. The *Midland Bank Review* comments on the damage done by the embargo to the Port of Hull, to the Manchester machine-tool makers and to other trades. The *Westminster Bank Review* says that "the retaliatory embargoes will practically eliminate the carriage of goods to and from Russia in British ships." Messrs. Platt Brothers of Lancashire deplore the serious blow inflicted on the textile trade in general. Messrs. Robey of Lincoln, machinery makers, have gone into bankruptcy, mainly through loss of Russian orders. These are only a few witnesses from a host that could be called; but they are enough, we think, to show how the National Government is "holding the unemployment position."

What, then, of the statement that Russia is seeking by every means to cut down her imports? It is a half, or a quarter, truth. Everybody knows that the Soviet Government are faced with an exceedingly difficult state of affairs at home, and that they are in no position to flood the world with corn. But there is a number of commodities of which they are not short—oil and timber in particular. They are choked with timber, for which Great Britain has long been their principal market, and which British timber merchants badly want. Russia has, in fact, a supply of goods to export in exchange for imports, and Russia continues, and will continue, to need imports, from this as well as other countries. Her aim, as Mr. Litvinov said the other day, is not "autarchy," and if it were it would be many years before she could achieve it. At the moment, under pressure of our embargo, she is trying—and with some success, it seems—to divert elsewhere the trade she has hitherto done with us. Is that, in the plight we are in, a matter for us to congratulate ourselves upon or to treat as of no consequence? And if Mr. Baldwin says that that is a wrong interpretation of his words, then we can only ask what is the right interpretation. As for the suggestion of loss or risk in trading with Russia, it is an ancient bogy that British Ministers ought to be ashamed of trotting out. The Russians have not defaulted on any orders placed in this country—nor

anywhere else, so far as we know. They have been scrupulous and punctual in paying, and there is no ground whatever for suspecting them of bad faith in the future. Nor is there anything peculiar, or shocking, as simple souls might assume from Mr. Baldwin's words, in Russia getting credits. It would have been an advantage to us, as well as to her, if she had had more of them.

We hope, therefore, that this mischievous talk at Glasgow is not an indication of how the Conservative Party expects Sir John Simon to behave in his discussions with Mr. Litvinov. The resumption of trade between Great Britain and Russia—and the extension of it—is an urgent necessity. It is monstrous that the livelihood of scores or hundreds of thousands of workers should be subordinated to the crotchets of Tory politicians. Making machinery for Russia is as sound a business as making machinery for the Argentine or Italy, and the loss of a Socialist market is no less serious than the loss of a Fascist market. No doubt, it is possible to regulate Anglo-Russian trade on a more equitable basis. That was, in fact, being done in the new agreement which was in the making when it was interrupted by the Moscow arrests last March, and it is no question of equity that now keeps the two countries twiddling their thumbs and snarling at each other. It is Russian pride and British prejudice.

## WHO ARE THE NON-CO-OPERATORS?

AMID all the confusions of the World Economic Conference, one thing stands out clearly. The Americans, whatever the internal dissensions among their delegates may be, will not be allowed to barter away, for anything Europe is prepared to offer them, their freedom to tackle their domestic economic problem in their own way. That was made perfectly plain when President Roosevelt flatly refused to agree to any proposal which would have involved a temporary stabilisation of the relative values of the dollar and the leading European currencies. The American central bankers, it appears, wanted him to agree; they hold the common bankers' view about the perils of inflation. But President Roosevelt would have none of it, to the annoyance of orthodox bankers all over the world, and most of all to that of the French, who see their own maintenance of the gold standard endangered by the prospects of American reflation.

There has been a tendency in many quarters to censure the Americans for taking up this attitude, and to regard it as a sign that the United States is bent on a policy of economic isolation behind a high tariff wall which will allow her to inflate to her heart's content, without caring much what happens in the rest of the world. But let us try to see the question from the American point of view, as well as with the eyes of our own orthodox financiers and capitalist politicians. The United States has already experienced a considerable revival of speculative activity, and a smaller but undoubtedly real recovery of home demand. These developments are partly the result of the weathering of the bank crisis without absolute collapse; for panic has exaggerated depression, and there has been a natural swing-back now that the immediate crisis is over. But the improvement has been also to a large extent anticipatory of what President Roosevelt is going to do with the vast powers that have been conferred upon him. He has, without committing himself to any very clear line of policy, raised among the American people great expectations which he can by no means afford to disappoint. No one will be better pleased than he if the mere momentum of expectation will suffice to bring about a durable recovery without actual use of his extensive powers; but if this does not happen—and it seems most unlikely that it can happen—he is bound to go on. He cannot therefore possibly afford to agree to any international concordat which would tie his hands, or prevent him from doing whatever may seem to be necessary in order to make effective the policy of domestic reflation and revival. He must remain free to devaluate the dollar, if further devaluation proves to be required. He must be free to inflate, up to whatever point may prove needful. He must even be free to raise tariffs, if that should seem to be called for, however much he may personally desire to lower them.

This, of course, is condemned by America's European critics as an utterly non-co-operative attitude which is bound to make the Conference into a fiasco. But are we justified in putting all the blame on the Americans? Why is it impossible for President Roosevelt to enter at present into any currency treaty with the leading European countries? Mainly because he is prepared to inflate, and to take the steps which are necessary to make inflation effective in raising the volume of production and employment as well as the level of prices, whereas the leading European countries have shown no sign at all of willingness to co-operate in carrying through any such policy. President Roosevelt will not agree at present to stabilise currencies because he is reasonably afraid that it may mean deflation instead of reflation. His non-co-operation has thus a perfectly plain case behind it. On the other hand, is Europe prepared to co-operate with him in a real effort to raise world prices, and at the same time increase the volume of production and employment? If it is not, the European rather than the American attitude can properly be described as non-co-operative.

It is true that both the British and the French spokesmen at the Conference profess, equally with the Americans, to desire a rise in the price-level. But the French aspire to bring this about not by monetary reflation but mainly by imposing additional restrictions on the volume of output. They want to raise prices by making goods scarcer, when the world's obvious need is to find ways of using some of the vast supplies of productive power that are lying idle. The British view is harder to define; Mr. Chamberlain hovers between support of the French ideas of restricting output and a pathetic faith in the probable efficacy of a liberal policy of bank credit aided by open market operations of the Central Banks. Every now and then he seems half to recognise that a liberal supply of credit is of no use unless some step is taken to create a demand for it, by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the final consumers. He shows no sign at all that he is prepared to take the most obvious course to bring about this expansion of purchasing power by pledging our Government to embark, side by side with the Americans, on a really big scheme of productive national expenditure, to be financed out of loans, and thus to bring the idle resources of reluctant investors back into effective circulation. M. Daladier is far more oncoming than Mr. Chamberlain about public works; but he, too, fails to envisage anything on the scale required to keep pace with the development of American policy.

When countries are off gold, the relative values of their currencies depend in the long run mainly on their respective internal purchasing powers over world-traded goods. If America is to follow a policy which will raise her domestic prices, while European countries refuse to follow a similar policy, what is the use of talking about currency stabilisation? If Europe refuses to reflate, while America does reflate, the value of the dollar in European currencies is bound to fall. But there would be no need at all for this to happen if effective reflation in Europe kept pace with effective reflation in the United States. If that happened, world prices would rise—which is what we all profess to want—but relative currency values would remain stable—which we all profess to want as well. The danger of unstable currencies will arise if in the economic field Europe pursues one policy and the United States another.

Anyone listening to the groans which went up when the American Government rejected immediate currency stabilisa-

tion might have supposed that, if only currencies could be stabilised, the world's troubles would be at an end. What nonsense! The instability of currencies is a result, and not a cause, of the present world depression; and to stabilise currencies now, and do nothing else, would be merely to perpetuate the depression. It might make the incomes of rentiers safe for a few years, until the obvious absurdity of the policy caused it to be reversed; but, so far from helping world revival, it would be a positive hindrance, because it would either tie each country's hands against doing anything at all, or add a new unreality, to be maintained at all costs, to the countless pretences which the world is keeping up to-day. Stability of currencies is an excellent thing, as one part of the aim of a comprehensive policy of world recovery. But it must be sought as the logical outcome of a policy of concerted and proportionate reflation and expansion of output in each country.

This is in effect what the American delegation said in the memorandum which it put forward last week, with President Roosevelt's full authority. It appealed to the European countries to follow the double programme of expanding bank credit and providing, by means of public loan expenditure, an adequate outlet for its issue into consumers' purchasing power. Unless European countries are ready to adopt this double programme, their talk of expanding bank credit and raising prices is the merest pretence, when it is not a direct invitation to further disaster. For the making of more money without more goods (or even with less goods, as the French and Mr. Chamberlain seem to desire) will lead not to an expansion of employment or consumers' purchasing power, but at most only to an unreal and short-lived speculative boom on the stock and produce exchanges, to be followed by a fresh collapse as soon as it is realised that there is no real increase in consumers' demand behind it. No policy is worth a moment's consideration unless it puts first and foremost the expansion of the incomes in the hands of the general body of consumers; and it is because the Americans seem to have come nearer than anyone else to understanding this that we regard them as having made, so far, the most hopeful contribution towards the cause of real world recovery.

# THE HOUSE OF MORGAN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN AMERICA]

MR. CHARLES E. MITCHELL, formerly president of the National City Bank of New York, has been acquitted by a New York jury on the charge of income-tax evasion. For the purpose of establishing losses on his income-tax returns for 1929 and 1930, he made sales of stock to his wife and a friend. These amounted to $2,800,000 in the first year and $758,000 in the second, and both blocks of stock were later bought back by Mr. Mitchell. His defence was that the sales were made without any thought of repurchase, that he had acted wholly in good faith, on the advice of counsel, and that his acts were legal. The jury agreed with this defence. At the time of the arrest four months ago, when the fever caused by the banking crisis was at its height, the case of Charles E. Mitchell was something more than a sensational event. It was everywhere taken in America to be the beginning of a movement for bringing conspicuous offenders in the field of predatory finance to justice.

The exposure of Mr. Mitchell, which has ended so fortunately for him, was the first great achievement of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, which went on to provide America with the astounding revelations respecting the house of J. P. Morgan and Company, the most powerful private banking firm of the modern world. The Committee has been working in an atmosphere of great excitement, and has been supported by public opinion more wholeheartedly than any investigating committee in Washington during the present generation. It is presided over by Senator Fletcher of Florida, and its counsel is Ferdinand Pecora, a lawyer of surprising gifts and manners, who is the son of an Italian peasant immigrant. When the investigation of the Morgan firm and its enterprises began Mr. Pecora was hampered by somewhat limited powers. He found, for example, that he could not pursue an inquiry into the precise methods by which certain members of the firm had evaded income tax—ways similar to those followed by Mr. Mitchell. He asked for the necessary additional powers; by a unanimous vote these powers were granted to him, and from then until the adjournment of the Committee three weeks ago the stream of sensational revelations continued.

Until May of the present year the House of Morgan stood as a mysterious temple of finance. Built up by the first J. Pierpont Morgan through the last thirty years of the nineteenth century, it had played a decisive part in one great chapter of national affairs after another. It was the agent of the British Government during the War, carrying through transactions of vast magnitude, and in the last mad years of the American prosperity period it was the centre of the colossal structure of foreign investment which collapsed in 1929. The first J. P. Morgan was a figure of popular legend. Publicity had no terrors for him. He was a huge man adorned with an incredible nose, and his habits seemed altogether harmonious with his physique. His son, the present head of the house, has pursued a different road. He has had hitherto no public life at all. It was his boast that no interviewer had ever reached him, and although the press photographer is not so easily beaten off, the portrait of J. P. Morgan was probably less known than that of any one of the leaders of American finance. Nevertheless it was brought out by Mr. Pecora that his position in the Wall Street house was as dominant and invulnerable as deeds of partnership could make it. The firm contains twenty partners and it is governed by a constitution that was framed immediately after the death of the elder Morgan. In this group all power is centred in Mr. J. P. Morgan. He can act with despotic authority, can demand the resignation of any partner and determine the value of his holding. In the case of any dispute it is with him that the final decision rests. Since the beginning of the Senate investigation in May the American press has exhausted the language of astonishment in recording and commenting upon the disclosures, but it may be doubted whether any one thing in the entire record has been judged more intrinsically interesting to a nation of business people than the details of a great banking house which had maintained its secrets more closely than a Foreign Office.

An American senatorial committee is the most complete and merciless means of inquiry known to the political world. It is the one engine of democratic government which the European democracies might have adapted from America without misgiving. A British variant of it would have been invaluable to this country. The proceedings of every Senate Committee dealing with an outstanding matter of interest are published in the American press at full length, and naturally the Morgan testimony, having transcendent news value, has been given an enormous spread week after week. Probably no congressional inquiry at any time has contained a larger mass of exciting material, but that, as one may readily understand, involves a serious disadvantage. Repeated sensations with a general uniformity of thrill produce satiety in the public. The newspapers report the testimony as nearly as possible verbatim, and usually they do this without an adequate day-to-day summary of what has been proved, so that the most significant matters tend to be buried in a mass of print. In this respect the Morgan revelations resemble the shocking scandals of the Harding Administration and the more recent Tammany iniquities in New York; but nevertheless we may assume that the American people are by this time aware of the general character of private banking in the United States. Here we can do no more than cite a small number of the facts by which the whole of America has been excited during the months of May and June.

Mr. J. P. Morgan paid no income tax in 1931 and 1932, the two central years of the great depression; nor did any one of

e Morgan partners. The firm revalued its securities and owed a loss of $21,000,000, this transaction being completed 1931, two days after the ending of the taxable year. The ses thus shown are charged against profits of the ensuing ar—a device which was admittedly legal. A bewildering ies of examples of similar evasion were brought out by Mr. cora. Of these, perhaps, the most effective as illustrations re taken from the records of the Van Sweringens of Cleveld, two amazing brothers who received the backing of organs in their schemes for the building up of a railroad pire. The Van Sweringens, who acknowledged that they ught successive railroads when they were without capital their own, made a practice of transfering huge blocks of stock m one corporation to another through a third corporation ated for the purpose, because if such transfers were made direct y would show a large profit on the books of one corporation; in, as Mr. Pecora admitted, a quite legal proceeding. The n Sweringens entered upon their extravagant enterprises in 16, amidst the railroad confusion which a few months later mpelled the Wilson Administration to take over the entire nsport of the country. They had Morgans behind them. ithout Morgans these Cleveland megolamaniacs would have en helpless. Why, it is asked, should Morgans be ready to volve themselves so deeply in a form of investment recognised becoming more and more perilous, especially in such a country the United States? And why, if railroad adventures are osen, should men of the ability and experience of the Morgan rtners choose to ally themselves with a pair of fantastics, ose limitations and personal peculiarities were matters of mmon knowledge in a city so near to the financial metropolis Cleveland?

There remains, in the almost infinite tangle of this investigan, the startling account of the huge holding companies, of ich the Alleghany Corporation—with its bonds to the ent of $35,000,000 taken by Morgans—would seem to be most impressive, and further, the wildly sensational list public men making up the roster of Morgans specially oured clients, granted the privilege of buying stocks and nds at rates markedly below the prices quoted to the public. is a wonderful list—Calvin Coolidge, Mr. Charles Dawes, neral Pershing, Senator McAdoo, Mr. J. J. Raskob (some-e chairman of the Democratic party organisation), Mr. F. Adams, Secretary of the Navy in the Hoover Cabinet, . Woodin, the present Secretary of the Treasury, and many ther. The favoured client, of course, is no novelty. Every n in Wall Street must have smiled broadly when the inuous Senate Committee, encouraged by a cynical press, ed in horrified amazement whether such things could be. t even the not-too-hardboiled investor and broker may be used for feeling a certain measure of dismay over the mber and character of the names in Mr. Pecora's list.

The Senate Banking Committee after an adjournment now been convened again for the investigation of the irs of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, the firm which ks second to Morgans. That great house began by raising ections to the inquiry, but decided that compliance and d temper made the better part of valour, while realising, urally, that the disclosures which would most resound ough the press were some distance, perhaps a long distance, n the greatest matters within the temple. Two questions ve all may well be put at the present stage: How far will se terrific disclosures educate the American people in a wledge of their banking system and its perils? And in at degree will they assist the Roosevelt Administration ards the making of a federal banking law? In happier times, course, counsel in the employ of great financial concerns had n allowed by the legislature to write the tax laws to suit r own purposes. It happens, therefore, that an accused admitted taking, in addition to his salary, more than three lion dollars within a short period out of the bank over which presided could avoid the payment of income tax, and in so ng keep within the law. And the confiding American lic is sold again.

# A LONDON DIARY

I do not myself expect any immediate break-up of the Government, but I find the Lobby even busier than usual with rumours of Cabinet reconstruction. Mr. Baldwin, it is said, is to go with Mr. MacDonald and his place to be taken by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, or, as some desire, by Sir Austen, who is thought to divide the Conservatives least. There is much talk of the claims of the Beaverbrook-Churchill-Lord Lloyd alliance and the possible inclusion of Mr. Lloyd George in what Mr. Churchill has always called a "Centre Party." The oddest story of all appears in that very amusing little sheet, the *Week*, which is issued from 34 Victoria Street. The *Week* declares that negotiations have been going on between the Prime Minister and the Churchill group, which has been counting on its Indian propaganda to get rid of Mr. Baldwin. The *Week* declared, on June 21st, that, though it did not, of course, know Mr. MacDonald's own mind, it did know positively that the Die-hards "have been led to believe that in the event of a disastrous set-back for Baldwin, MacDonald would throw Baldwin over and attempt a reconstitution of the Cabinet openly based on the extreme Right." It seemed to me incredible that anyone should believe this. But I have since made independent inquiries from Die-hard quarters, and I am able to state that the *Week's* statement is correct. That is what the Die-hards have been told.

* * *

A lively letter to the *Times*, from Mr. St. John Ervine, has unleashed a correspondence about press intrusion upon privacy. It would be easy to cap one disgraceful story with another—not long ago a woman was driven to complain that she was being daily badgered by reporters who wanted her to ask that her daughter, who had died a natural death, should be exhumed on a fabricated suspicion of foul play. One has every sympathy with unwilling victims of the press photographer and the interviewer. But there is another side to the picture. The instances complained of are mainly an outcrop of the gossip columns which occupy an increasingly large space in the more successful newspapers. Most of the victims of the gossip-writer do not so much accept their fate as rush towards it; and for every person who complains of being intruded upon, there are fifty who complain of not being intruded upon enough. At "smart" parties it is amusing to watch authors and fashionable beauties struggling in the scrum to get close to the flashlight photographer. Like cures for constipation, some young writers depend for sales upon being extensively advertised, and they would rather have anything said about them than nothing. The distinction between notoriety and celebrity is becoming obsolete. Of course, this form of narcissism may be confined to the richer classes, but I seem often to have noticed a certain gusto in the remarks of Mrs. Jones, when interviewed about her divorced husband's suicide, and of Mrs. Smith, the grandmother of the murdered child. After all, one does like feeling important for once in one's life. On the whole the untitled journalists in this country show astonishing restraint. I was once rung up by a reporter who asked if it was true that I was engaged to be married. I said it was not. He then said: "But if we publish the fact, are you going to deny it?" and was evidently surprised when I told him that I should. He was more naive than impertinent.

* * *

There must have been between three and four thousand people in the Winnatts Pass last Sunday, when the Manchester and Sheffield Ramblers' Federations held their annual demonstration. These demonstrations are now a great feature of the life of the North, and on the last two Sundays half a dozen or more have been held at different places in support of the various points of what has become to all intents and purposes a Ramblers' Charter. At the Winnatts meeting, which adjourned to the Peak Pavilion in heavy rain, a resolution in

favour of the passage of the Access to Mountains and Moorlands Bill was moved by Dr. E. A. Baker and seconded by C. E. M. Joad. The Bill provides that all uncultivated moorland and mountain land should be made accessible for walkers, artists, and naturalists, irrespective of the "rights" of sportsmen owners. It has been before Parliament again and again and has several times reached the Second Reading stage, but has always been blanketed by the propertied interests. There is, indeed, little prospect of its becoming law so long as our society thinks it more important that a few rich "sportsmen" should continue unhampered the slaughter of birds and deer than that working men and women should have those opportunities of rest and refreshment of the spirit which the processes involved in enriching the sportsmen render, as we are now realising, so pre-eminently important, and which the wild places can so pre-eminently confer. Feeling on these matters runs high in the North, where the cooped-up populations of the industrial belt are for ever pressing on the carefully preserved moorlands of North Derbyshire and Yorkshire. Last year there was rioting on Kinder Scout, culminating in a pitched battle between the ramblers and keepers and police. A number of men were imprisoned, and their friends are inclined to criticise the strictly constitutional Ramblers' Federations for failure to pursue a more militant policy involving experimental mass trespasses. During the last year the restrictions on access to the Derbyshire moorlands have in certain respects been tightened up, and, unless something is done to ease the situation, there is likely to be more trouble in the future. It is obvious that, if the present rate of discovery of the countryside by the contemporary generation continues, the problems involved are likely to grow in acuteness. They can only be solved in the long run by a comprehensive scheme of "National Parks."

* * *

Why, I asked myself, as I walked round the Exhibition of British Industrial Art at Dorland House, should there be a rule that the ugliest things are the most expensive? Here is an admirable exhibition, including a "minimum flat" by Mr. Wells Cootes, which is a model of good sense, good taste and economy, and a display of silver, clocks and toilet-sets, most of which are elaborately ugly. The elaboration, of course, is responsible for both the ugliness and the expensiveness. But the incongruous presence of these objects is due to their having been chosen by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths instead of by a committee of artists and persons of taste. The point of this exhibition is largely to show manufacturers what educated people want, and its value is halved by the inclusion of even a small proportion of opulent vulgarity. The tools exhibited at the entrance strike the right note as surely as Mr. Oliver Hill's Hollywood dining-room struck the wrong one. And in contrast with the feeble pottery, the textile display, the best and most carefully chosen in the show, proved the existence of artists who can still design spontaneous and effective ornament. Next year I hope that the responsible committees will have the complete courage of their convictions.

* * *

Speaking at Sherborne School Commemoration on Saturday, the HEADMASTER OF SHERBORNE SCHOOL said . . . In these days of difficulty there was a vast amount of public money spent on what was called education which the country had no right to spend at all. Public school education was paid for and valued, and the work elementary school teachers did was perfectly wonderful, but it was not justifiable to spend public money for post-primary education. . . .

The CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNORS, Lieutenant-Colonel Wingfield Digby, said the broadminded influence of the public schools was an invaluable help in restoring the world to peace and prosperity, and gave one a better chance of finding a vocation in these difficult days.

* * *

At this time of year one's mantelpiece is automatically littered with invitations. There is, for example, that of Mrs. Woolley-Hart to fly over to her chateau in France in Tyrolean costume on July 8 to drink Black Velvet at 9.30. For to-morrow there is the stage party at the Criterion Theatre for the two hundredth performance of *Fresh Fields.—Sunday Referee.*

. . . It is surprising really how Bond Street, despite the slump of this last three years, has maintained its standard of exclusiveness—for the lack of a better word. Mr. Dennis Bradley . . . is very proud of this, and when three South African delegates walked into his father's tailoring establishment in grey flannel trousers last week, he pointed out with gentle firmness that they ought not to let the street down by appearing in such clothes. They promised to be good in future.—*Sunday Referee.*

* * *

A gentleman named Arthur Waterhouse deserves our congratulations, if reports concerning him be true. A cable from New York to-day states that Waterhouse was arrested in the offices of Mr. Paul Warburg, the New York banker, on a charge of obtaining money from prominent people by representing himself as Lord Beaverbrook. —*Evening Standard.*

* * *

Lady Astor . . . spoke of the good results of the Prince of Wales's tours, and added: "I love that boy—I mean man. He is like Queen Elizabeth—married to England."—*Sunday Times.*

* * *

From the programme of the Hendon Air Pageant.

The Display Committee express their thanks for the valuable co-operation and assistance received from so many sources, and in particular convey their acknowledgments publicly to . . .

Jeyes Sanitary Compounds Co., Ltd., for undertaking the supervision and disinfection of all lavatories, and in particular those in the Royal Enclosure.

* * *

We resent the presence of Litvinoff in this country. Most of our readers no doubt share the feeling of repulsion, as though one were to see a fat white slug in the heart of an English rose.—*Morning Post.*

* * *

The glory of Ascot is in its neighbourhood. . . . I can think of no other part of the world so wealthy. The butler rate per thousand, the income tax assessments, the number of Rolls, all the figures, if they were available, would prove this. Every child has its car. Lorries of champagne rumble by night through the leafy lanes. Aeroplanes alight with young men. Florists plant complete gardens between sunrise and luncheon and depart in plain vans. The very air is perfumed.—*Vogue.*

CRITIC

## A HINT TO HITLER

HITLER! when first we fell beneath your ban,
All zest departed from my occupation;
Barred from your sight, it seemed in vain to plan
Your education.

But with this leaflet-raid hope smiles again:
These golden words that have so much to teach you,
Dropped on your door-step by some friendly 'plane,
Perchance may reach you.

And I am worried for you; still I doubt
If you are wholly worthy of your mission,
Much as I praise your zeal in crushing out
All opposition.

Strong men like you, to deeds not thoughts inclined,
Must needs regard as foster-sires of treason
All parties who corrupt the public mind
With facts and reason.

So far so good: suppression's what you need;
'Tis your absorbent schemes I beg to question—
Too rich a meal, you know, is apt to lead
To indigestion;

And if to true dictation you aspire,
This all-embracing party now emerging
May, like the Russian Communists, require
A deal of purging.

Myself, I'd prune, not swell, the ruling caste
(Shooting or gaoling traitors who resisted),
Until of one free man—myself—at last,
The State consisted.

MACFLECKNOE

# DINNER

MAN has been writing from an address in Mayfair of that comparatively recent social innovation, the rty or the sherry party. He claims that it has many superiority both to the "afternoon at home" be- out 4.30 and to the dinner party. Writing as one r generation, he looks back with particular loathing ny dinner parties he has lived through. "I am ," he declares, "that generally speaking, the old- formal dinner party was one of the most boring in the world, and I am glad that it is now almost only for the sake of one's pocket, but also for one's of life. Most of the older generation will remember hey had longed for it to be 10.45, which was usually hour at which guests felt they could leave, without nce, the house of a host with whom they had

indeed, a lugubrious return to make for all those uets that anguished hosts and hostesses provided for s in the pre-Georgian era. Pity for one's hosts ly have induced the gentleman from Mayfair to e noble pretence with which he once bade farewell at ies, murmuring as he left: "Thank you for one st delightful evenings I have enjoyed for years." be sure that, if the guests were bored, the host was The host, too, had his eye on the clock, wondering had not stopped or whether it could really be only ne. It was no fun for him to sit suppressing his le a bored guest bored him towards the edge of the lling him how bored he was during his last visit to The trouble about the pre-Georgian dinner party d was that both the host and the guests were utterly moral courage. The guests had not the courage nd leave for fear of giving offence to the host. The t the courage to say, as soon as the pall of boredom about the end of the first course: "Look here, is party is going to be a failure. I don't know whose ours or mine, but I think you'd all better go home. m off to the Empire." Instead of behaving in t fashion, host and guest sat on raging in- nst each other, while every mouthful they swal- onous with the acid of wrath, became an engine of nous to the digestive tract, ruinous to the temper. of the meal every man and woman present was t only from acute indigestion, but from the most repressions. Never did Oedipus more ardently ecret longing to murder his father than the pre- st longed to murder his guests or than each of the longed to murder the host, and, more eagerly still, neighbours who kept alternately cackling into ears and making his life a misery. This was manners in the pre-Georgian era; but can it od manners to wish to murder people who are best to be kind to you? Freud arrived too late complexes that the old-fashioned dinner party . I am sure that if he had flourished in the n Victoria he would have discovered that the West lon was full of neurotics simply because half the who were invited to dinner parties were secretly safe opportunity to murder the nice people ited them.

er myself been able to take this gloomy view of . I shrank from parties in my childhood if they cing; but was always partial, as the Victorians o any entertainment where there was anything sual to eat. There was a time when I looked keen anticipation to a Sunday-school soirée. s and social meetings—what visions the words uets of all the cakes that are known in Paradise! know the phrase *ad lib.*; but in how *ad lib.* a those illuminated assemblies assimilating into my being creamy snowballs, sugar-topped castles, short- breads, sponge-cakes, jam-filled crescents, and the other masterpieces of the great confectioners of old. No boredom there! Is the young calf bored as he pushes his muzzle into the bucket of buttermilk? Is the pig bored at the trough?

In the same way, the dinner-table on the occasion of a party had an extraordinary fascination for me. If the party was given in our own house I would spend hours beforehand peering into cupboards to discover what delicacies were being prepared for it and being chased out of kitchen and pantry for fear I should lay thieving hands on some precious stuff that was meant for an elder who was probably too old to enjoy it. When the guests had sat down to table, I looked yearningly at every dish as it arrived. I have been told that the inner coat- ing of the stomach of a small child is covered with thousands of little mouths that at the sight of beautiful things to eat open cravingly like the beaks of young birds in the nest when a parent bird approaches to feed them. I believe this to be true. Many of these mouths then opened pleadingly at sight of salmon and cucumber. All opened wide simultaneously at sight of such a variety, such a foison of jellies and creams as the world has not seen since. I do not wish it to be thought that I am a glutton; I am on the whole indifferent to food; but on such occasions I certainly ate twice what I needed from the sheer force of imagination. What I craved for was not food but beauty, and I absorbed beauty till I could absorb no more. It is this early association of dinner parties with what the Greeks called *to kalon*, I think, that has prevented me from ever taking sides with the deipnophobes in later life.

I had all the better chance of enjoying dinner parties in those days, of course, because I was too young to be expected to talk. I could devote myself single-mindedly to the enjoyment of the food to the accompaniment of the pleasant sea-music of the conversation and laughter of the guests. That, I fancy, is the secret of the perfect enjoyment of a dinner party. The gentleman from Mayfair, no doubt, belonged to a set in which the guests were expected to talk at table. Worse still, they were expected to talk *tête-à-tête*. Everyone will agree that it must be an awful situation for a man who wishes to concentrate his entire mind and soul and body on the enjoyment of the most glorious lobster he has tasted for years to be interrupted by a woman who wishes to know what he thinks of Mr. Gladstone. At such a moment, a man who loves lobster has no thoughts to spare for Mr. Gladstone. Let Mr. Gladstone march through rapine and plunder to the dismemberment of the Empire: the man who loves lobster is too busy dismember- ing the lobster to care about that. It was probably in an attempt to suppress the vile distraction of conversation during meals that Englishmen for centuries tried to give themselves the reputation of being strong and silent. Possessing such a reputation, they could sit dumb over their dishes without appearing rude.

At the same time, some kind of noise at the dinner table is essential. The sound of knives clicking on plates is not enough. An almost entirely silent dining room, crowded with guests, is unnerving. It was in order to provide a noisy alternative to conversation at meals that restaurant bands were first instituted. For a time everybody was happy till it was discovered that the noise of a band was even more inimical to the enjoyment of food than the sound of one's neighbour's voice asking some silly question that called for an answer. On the whole, the best solution of the difficulty about pro- viding the right kind of noise at table seems to me to be to suppress *tête-à-tête* conversation and make general conversation compulsory. While the conversation is general, the people who prefer talking to eating—and there are many such—could provide the necessary accompaniment of noise, making them- selves happy and making the eaters even happier. Or it might be better still to hire a professional conversationalist for a dinner party who would talk brilliantly except in the intervals between the courses, leaving the host and the guests to their proper business of eating and drinking.

There are, I admit, people who enjoy eating and talking at

the same time; but this may be a comparatively modern corruption of the natural instinct to waste no words over one's food. In any case, however, it seems to me that a talkative dinner party is better than no party at all, and that to be bored by the dinner parties is the very extreme of misanthropy. I myself am no misanthrope. I never leave a dinner party till my host looks grey and tired. Y. Y.

# Correspondence

## THE IRISH TARIFF WAR

SIR,—Mr. Harrison's letter on the above subject is interesting, though nobody knows better than he how the dispute arose.

It arose because the present Government in Ireland refused to consider itself bound by agreements entered into by their predecessors. The fact that a Government of the Free State did not conform to the constitution may be important to Irishmen, but we can hardly expect Englishmen to be interested in that technicality. This refusal deprived the British Exchequer of quite a lot of money; it was then that the British Government put on their tariff, called punitive by the representative of the Irish Government, but, as Mr. De Valera himself has said, "We fired the first shot."

The facts as pointed out by Mr. Harrison, viz., that Great Britain is losing more than we are, are sufficient in the opinion of the Irish Government to justify the continuance of the war. It is the generally accepted view that, if Great Britain did not consider herself bound by the decision of the Imperial Conference, that no difficulty would be made about the International Court as insisted on by the Irish Free State Government, and to many Irishmen this difficulty that Great Britain is in is all the more reason for the Government maintaining their *non possumus* attitude. The British Government have said on more than one occasion that they desire a settlement, but though it is possible to start a dispute by unilateral action it is not always possible to settle one by similar action.

Mr. Harrison asks, "Ought not peace to be re-established in trade arrangements at least, for everyone's benefit, without delay?" Certainly, but how? Surely it is obvious that if a settlement has to come it must be on some basis of compromise. A settlement is certainly desirable from the point of view of the ordinary citizen (or the plain people as runs our variation), in view of the fact that in the last analysis every subsidy and bounty amounting to some millions is paid by him, including half the rent formerly paid by the farmers as land annuities.

But, of course, we are not a materialist people, as is proved by the fact that we actually pay 1*s.* 4*d.* a lb. for butter to enable our British neighbours to get similar butter for 10*d.* per lb.

Can a people who are prepared to do that be expected really to want a settlement of a question that has been made by the Government a test of loyalty to Ireland? Yes, a settlement is desirable, but *how?* IRISHMAN

Dublin.

## BELMONT

SIR,—I gather that your contributor on this subject would reserve residential treatment of the unemployed who apply for public assistance for idle men who are ready to live parasitically, and that he deplores the present use made of Belmont. The writer of this article would supply treatment for the disastrous consequences of prolonged unemployment only at non-residential training centres for all other than the lazy.

Is this a wise or a scientific approach to the solution of this great problem? Is it not a fact that there is no common remedy and that individual diagnosis is needed?

Good as your contributor admits the non-residential centres of the L.C.C. to be, their main objective of retaining employability fails in some cases, especially after long periods of attendance, and the question of *renewal* of employability arises if independence is ever to be attained again.

I have long personal experience of the administration of Belmont, of out-relief and its problems, and of the non-residential training centres of the L.C.C. since their inception, and I believe that there is a valuable place in the scheme of treatment for the unemployed receiving out-door relief for a social hospital of this character. It is true that Belmont prior to 1929 was a deterrent workhouse; but since the reorganisation which took place then a great effort has been made to change its ideals and aims. The principle of restoration has long ago taken the place of that of deterrence.

In the discrimination made by the District Sub-Committees of the Public Assistance Committee is to be found recognition of the fact that no common remedy is of value and that individual diagnosis is indispensable. This is shown by the following figures. Of 7,863 able-bodied men in receipt of domiciliary relief during the week ended May 20th, 1933, 3,542 were in attendance at non-residential training centres. The number at Belmont was 686.

Possibilities of erroneous diagnosis, or of mistaken technique, in administering this social hospital cannot be excluded; but wholesale condemnation as suggested by your contributor is unscientific and is not borne out by experience. May I correct various statements made by your contributor concerning Belmont? Tuition is not limited to the few subjects mentioned, but covers farm work and gardening, engineering, bricklaying, plastering, bootmaking, upholstery and mattress making, mat making and brush making, cooking and general kitchen work, tailoring, sign writing, motor repairs and educational classes. It is complained that no one is trained. It has never been suggested that training to be tradesmen and mechanics could be effected, owing to the fluidity of the men in question. But without doubt training is given in what is fundamental to all employment; the men acquire considerable proficiency and take pride in their work. Physical fitness is renewed and character is strengthened by routine, discipline and employment in a different environment.

Admissions, so far as physical conditions are concerned, are not made at the volition of the Superintendent or on the decision of District Sub-Committees, but after medical examination.

Men are not herded together as is described, but are classified in various ways so far as structural arrangements permit.

The men are not sent to the Colony for an indeterminate time and left there for two years or more; neither is it true to say that a week-end a fortnight and evening leave is all that is granted. All men are seen regularly by Committees visiting Belmont. At the end of each period of three months, in addition to the week-end leave (mid-day Saturday to Monday evening), suitable cases are given a fortnight's leave at home and receive unconditional relief during this period. It is quite the exception for men to be there for over a year, and this is allowed only in special circumstances when it is thought to be advantageous to the men. The average time spent there is much less than a year.

So grave and varied are the consequences of unemployment that criticism of the methods now used to mitigate them should be accompanied by greater understanding of the problems concerned, by sounder diagnosis, and by wiser propositions as to treatment than are put forward by your contributor.

16 Egerton Gardens, S.W.3. C. FULFORD, (Vice-Chairman, Public Assistance Committee, L.C.C.)

[Our contributor writes: I made no "wholesale condemnation" of Belmont; I was careful to give it credit for such merits as it has. I have not space to answer all Miss Fulford's arguments; I can only point out that she does not meet my principal objections, particularly that the poor dread and hate the place. Since 1929, says Miss Fulford, "a great effort has been made to change its ideals and aims." No doubt; but the result is still deplorable, and to call this institution a "social hospital" is to beg the main question at issue.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

## THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE ANTI-WAR MOVEMENT

SIR,—The Anti-War Movement in this country was launched in March of this year at a Conference of 1,500 delegates in Bermondsey. Of these 1,500 delegates 400 were delegates from Trade Union Branches, including six National Executive Councils, 110 from Co-operative Guilds, fifty from Labour Parties, 120 students from Universities and Colleges throughout the country; seventy delegates from the Communist Party, ninety-five from the Independent Labour Party, 125 youth delegates from Labour Leagues of Youth, Young Communist League, Woodcraft Folk, Co-operative Comrades' Circles, Guild of Youth, etc. Other delegates included thirty authors and twenty-five doctors, delegates from the Unemployed Workers' Movement and the No More War Movement. These delegates defined their ideas on the need to struggle against war in a resolution based upon the pledge

ken by the delegates at the World Anti-War Congress in Amsterm in 1932.

Since that time the British Anti-War Movement has grown th great rapidity, until to-day there is hardly a town in the untry which has not either an established Anti-War Committee a group of registered supporters of the Anti-War Movent.

This is the movement against which the leaders of the Labour rty have now "warned" their supporters, since it is, they say, nder Communist influence." The foregoing account of the mposition of the Anti-War Movement shows precisely how uch and how little truth there is in this charge. What, in fact, e leaders of the Labour Party are now attempting to do is to event any member of the Labour Party becoming a member any organisation which includes Communists.

The British Anti-War Movement, which includes several embers of the Labour Party amongst its executive officers, convinced that this attitude does not represent the views of the erwhelming majority of the members of the British Labour ovement. We are convinced that Trade Unionists, Coerators, and members of local Labour Parties throughout the untry are aware of the urgent necessity of building up an allclusive Anti-War Movement. We point out to them that the ders of the Labour Party have not forbidden, and cannot bid, them to remain or to become supporters of the Anti-War ovement. We are sure that they are fully able to maintain eir own point of view within any organisation. They form a jority of our members, are proportionately represented on our uncil, and are in no danger of falling under anyone's "inence."

We therefore call on all our supporters to redouble their efforts building up our movement, which is to-day successfully uniting e entire working class for the struggle against the ever-growing nger of war.

W. J. BROWN,
Chairman,
British Anti-War Movement

2 Upper Belgrave Street,
S.W.1.

## UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—*Re* the article on Unemployment and Occupation in a ent issue, I am doubtful if Mr. Mais has shaken the middless out of its complacency. As one of the unemployed existing unemployment benefit of 23*s.* 3*d.* per week for husband and fe, I know something of malnutrition.

Various books and pamphlets have been published dealing with employment since it became so acute, and I submit that they ve not made any great impression on the middle-classes. e majority of the public seem to live in a mental fog, voicing vapourings of its favourite daily paper. The present Governnt has failed to face the issue despite election promises.

Most self-help centres are only graveyards. It is small conation to the unemployed to listen to speeches by well-meaning l well-fed individuals, when all hope of work is gone, other than ot-repairing and toy-making at the centre, with the material l tools supplied by well-wishers.

To imagine a revolt amongst the unemployed is not easy—it uld be if they were armed.

Personally, I am tired of the cry, "The Right to Work." the right to work is the sole title to life, then three million of are being starved to death by the introduction of labour-saving chinery. If it is not work, why demand work—why not the ht to live?

f the right to live was the cry, and that the foods and textiles ng destroyed be used to ensure a reasonable standard of living those displaced by labour-saving machinery, and financial ses over which they have no control, then the middle-classes uld be aroused to the reality of the tragedy of unemployment.

J. R. HOWIE

2 Rosemont Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

## AUSTRALIA AND ENGLAND

IR,—My interest in cricket departed with my youth. Having nt eleven years in Australia I have been forced of late to renew, certain extent, some of my former enthusiasm. There has much to laugh at in the hubbub over the recent English to Australia, but when one is in a position to look into the ter with knowledgeable interest a fundamental fact, evidently rlooked by many, is apparent and to it the whole trouble is, elieve, directly traceable.

Animosity has existed for years between Australians and Englishmen (the Englishman landing in Australia being a "darned Pommie," the Australian, as a popular conception among Englishmen, is the antithesis of all that is English and consequently more or less rotten). Space does not allow me to attempt an explanation of some of the causes of the hostility, but these are readily understood by anyone who knows both sides. A strong sense of nationalism on the part of both peoples is certainly a deciding factor.

At any rate, this animosity is in no wise diminished when a paragraph in a Sunday paper under the name of Hendren, the Middlesex cricketer, describes Brisbane as being much too hot for the Englishmen to have a chance of winning (*despite the overpowering* (sic) *heat they did win!*), and as having a sports ground which is mainly visited by Maltese who come, not to watch the game, but to hurl insults at the players. Comment on such bilge is impossible. But here one gets a clue to the psychology of the position. The game of cricket vanishes in the phenomena of the real antagonism.

Rightly or wrongly (it is a matter of opinion) the Englishman winces under the assertiveness of the Australian and unconsciously he hits out in all manner of ways. This has been going on for years from Perth to the farthest outback cattle-station in N.W. Queensland. It may be taken as significant that the Australian has looked for his inspiration not to England or Western Europe generally, but mainly to America, where much of our traditional bunk is unknown or discarded as futile. We would do well to treat this subject with less levity, for undoubtedly we of the West, with all our 2,000 years of progress, have yet to learn many things, and the colonial spirit at its best can do much towards our education.

The Test incident is merely an accident of publicity, and whether England returns to play more games is, in one sense, immaterial. The point to notice is that so long as Englishmen take to Australia that public school manner which has rightly earned reprobation in other countries the present hostility will remain.

GEORGE J. HALL

Burridgeheath,
Great Bedwyn, Marlborough.

## "THE ENGLISH HOUSE"

SIR,—It is a little confusing that your reviewer, "G. W." (in the *N.S. & N.* of June 17th) should speak of Mr. Addy's reference to the standard measurements of "the English House" as "a fascinating and unique contribution" and should also speak of the "perch" as a "16ft. unit."

Every student of the small Cotswold homestead of former times must have noticed that the ancient standard size of the house is 33ft. by 16½ ft., and the fact is that the rod, pole or perch is, as habitually stated in our arithmetic books, not 16ft. but 16½ft. long, which is five English ells, or one-quarter of a chain. The 20-ell chain is the base-measure of an acre of plough-land, the length being 10 chains or 40 rods—220 yards = 1 furrow-long or furlong. The "rod" was an actual ash-pole of just 16½ft., constantly in use on the land, and therefore naturally employed for setting out the gable-end and keeping it the same width all the way up. No doubt it was also approximately the width of four ox-stalls; though the inside width of a stone house is only 13ft. (or less) and it would appear a little finikin and fantastic to have started from a unit of 4ft. 1½in. for an ox-stall. But it is no new or "unique" discovery that the acre of 160 "rods" affords the foundation of our agrarian system of measurement, though we have substituted the 36in. yard for the ell or metre. In our seventeenth-century colonies we still talk in "chains," not in fractions of a mile, or in yards, when we are asked a distance.

OLIVIER

Sächseln.

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SIR,—Mr. William G. Newton's article on "English Architecture To-day" contains, amongst a number of pleasantly controversial points of view, a sudden statement of facts which I consider erroneous and quite unjustified: "modern material . . . and shapes . . . are unsuitable . . . for . . . the single small cheap house. Flat roofs are costly to insulate from heat and cold as well as wet, cheap concrete walls will not keep out the winter, and will run with condensation, nor are they discrete enough, etc., etc."

May I ask whether Mr. Newton has come to this decision after

exploring every possible method of reinforced concrete construction?—or what was it prompted him to make such a bold statement? After building a few "single small cheap houses" in reinforced concrete, I feel more and more convinced that the material and the shapes it produces are suitable; that flat roofs can be insulated and permanently waterproofed more economically than pitched roofs; that the 4 in. reinforced concrete wall properly designed is extremely weather-resisting, and, when lined with a suitable insulating board, sound proof and entirely free from condensation troubles.

Moreover, I have not been able to discover another material, old or new, which will fulfil those conditions at the same price, and would be delighted to hear from Mr. Newton if he knows of one.

1 High Bridge, COLIN LUCAS
East Greenwich, S.E.10.

### THE SCOTTSBORO CASE

SIR,—The defence of the Scottsboro boys has become a matter of urgency to all who love justice. I beg therefore to be allowed to announce through your columns that a dance—whose proceeds are for the defence fund of these innocent children now condemned by a reactionary and partial tribune some to death, some to life imprisonment—is to be held at the First Avenue Hotel, 45 High Holborn, on July 4 at 9 p.m. Tickets (3*s.* 6*d.*) at the door. Everyone will be most welcome. PHILIP JORDAN

Savile Club,
69 Brook Street, W.1.

# Miscellany

## H. W. NEVINSON

No one with pretensions to any intimate knowledge of the contemporary English scene can fail to appreciate the special position of Mr. Nevinson in our landscape. Nevinson the Knight-errant, Nevinson to whom the love of freedom is the very breath of life, Nevinson to whom war is a hateful thing yet, somehow, manages to be its supreme reporter, Nevinson to whom Greek and Jew, Georgian and Indian owe incomparable debts, this remarkable public figure is sufficiently well known.

But the Nevinson to whom his friends' affection is more ultimately yielded is a more precious possession. It is the Nevinson who sat out his year in the lecture-room of T. H. Green and acknowledged with pride that the latest fashion in Oxford metaphysics was, as it has remained, wholly without meaning for him. It is the paradoxical Nevinson who found in the fulminations of Carlyle against government by talk a passion for democracy. It is the Nevinson who belongs to every sort and kind of organisation and remains the final anarchist. It is the Nevinson to whom Goethe and Heine—Wisdom and Puck—are the high priests of the ideal.

He has had a great life not merely because he has moved amid great affairs. He has had a great life because he has had a genius for making friends, and a supreme power for keeping them without capitulation. He has no jealousies, and he is incapable of envy. If, at the bottom of him, there is a thick layer of melancholy, no one is so quick to laugh heartily at its implications. The mysteries of finance have always escaped him; and it is a perpetual joy, not least in these days, to meet a man frank enough to refuse to form opinions on the gold standard or the balance of trade. It is good, too, to know a man for whom the significant qualities of the humble have always been as arresting as the significant qualities of the eminent.

That, I think, is the essence of Nevinson's secret. He has always had an absorbing passion for people. He collects them, he handles them as lovingly, as a philatelist his stamps or an entomologist his butterflies. He does not judge them by the ideas they represent; he asks of them only that they should have the hall-mark of individuality. It may be a tempestuous cleric like Canon Scott-Holland, or some Tommy Atkins gifted with the Cockney faculty of incisive phrase; it may be a personality as complex and baffling as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or one as simple and compelling as Mr. Lansbury. So long as they think for themselves, Nevinson's mind is bound to play with them, to speculate upon their inwardness, to discover their secret.

And that is why his passion for liberty has been so intense. For you cannot seek to understand people without loving them; and you cannot love them without resenting fiercely what of unjustified compulsion the mysterious alchemy of politics strives to impose upon them. That explains why Nevison has always been a Liberal uninterested in the Liberal programme, a Socialist who has rejected fiercely the dogmatic expression of a Socialist creed. He has learned from Matthew Arnold that the ability to affirm one's essence is the very art of life; and he has marched with the democrats because they offer the maximum opportunity to that affirmation.

Marched with the democrats, I would add, while retaining, as all wise men retain, an inner suspicion that, in its proper perspective, aristocracy is a noble creed. No one can spend so much of a life as he has spent in communion with the intellectual princes of our heritage without the knowledge that one's most real existence is that which is defined by contact with their fellowship. I suspect that most of Nevinson's most intimate friends are the great dwellers in the Elysian fields. They have set his standards and defined his search in life. They have given colour and warmth to his vision of the ideal.

To have known him is part of life's unalterable good. Set out for a walk with him, and you have a lesson in character. He will choose the most difficult road; and every obstacle will be welcomed as a victory to be won. Go with him to a meeting where opposition is to be expected, and the calm joy with which he welcomes it is a great lesson in courage. He has said somewhere that he has been happy in the opportunity of life. We who have the title of his friends have been happy in the opportunity to live it by his side. HAROLD J. LASKI

## MATISSE AND PICASSO

MAY I make of the Matisse exhibition, open at Messrs. Tooth's gallery in Bond Street, an occasion for saying something I have long wished to say on that perennial theme—Matisse and Picasso? For critics and amateurs of my generation it seems almost impossible to think of one without talking about the other. To extoll the art of Matisse is, by implication, to raise the Picasso question; and to appreciate Picasso is in the opinion of many foolish people and some others to depreciate Matisse.

Of course, the opposition is of a Plutarchian obviousness. The painting of Matisse is a pure and simple delight: to get the best out of Picasso's pictures—out of most of them, I should say—requires some intellectual effort. The one thing common to both is that both are painters born. With Matisse all is plain sailing. Here is the best painter alive, and one who takes his place neatly in the French tradition. That his pictures shocked at first is but one more example of the public's traditional stupidity. There is nothing odd about it; it is just the story of the Impressionists, with whom he has so many affinities, over again. What is odd is that he has so little influence on his contemporaries. It was not always so. There was a moment, about 1907, the stirring and scandalous moment of the Fauves, when the mark of Matisse was everywhere. On almost all the promising young painters (Matisse was born on December 31st, 1869, and is therefore a dozen years or so senior to Picasso and the rest), on Derain, Friesz, Vlaminck, the fashionable Van Dongen even, his influence was exactly what you would expect to be the influence of an original, greatly gifted and older artist. It looked then as though we were in for an "Age of Matisse." Instead it has become the age of Picasso. Why?

If Picasso be, as I maintain, essentially but not predominantly a painter, what is he predominantly? It is particularly difficult

to say because, whatever it may be, he expresses it, not always in paint to be sure, but always in visual stuff, in forms. Does he, then, sometimes use the painter's medium to say something unpainterlike? Anyhow, it seems to me that the mystery of his intention may have helped to magnify his prestige. Had he expressed himself in words, his "message," as our grandfathers would have called it, might have seemed less thrilling. Picasso, I suspect, is sentimental (you will not ask me in a short article to define the word, pray fill it with your own meaning), anyhow you have only to look first at his early work (of the blue period for instance) and then at almost anything he has ever done to see that it is so. Now in the depths of his heart almost everyone is sentimental, and almost everyone likes sentimentality. But crude and obvious sentimentality we of the better sort, we who read poetry and go to exhibitions and talk about books and pictures, do not like: at all events, we are ashamed of liking it. Is it possible that Picasso's abstract art is a way of being sentimental in secret?

Be that as it may, I feel pretty sure that Picasso is always interested in humanity as Zola and Dostoievsky were interested, as Poussin and Cézanne were not; as Matisse is not. Also, his work is full of it. Possibly therein lies his strength. Possibly, also, we ask more of a picture than of a textile or a pot. Anyhow, those abstract artists who have severely excluded all such content from their pictures—and I am thinking of artists as admirable as Braque, Gris, Léger, Marcoussis—seem to differ chiefly from Picasso in a comparative lack of importance and a lack of surprise. Picasso is the only one of them who has made out of Cubism something as significant and purposeful as "l'art des musées."

A painter's criticism of other painters' pictures will sometimes help to an understanding of his own. I have often heard Picasso give his opinion. What I know of Matisse's I know almost wholly at second-hand. Matisse cares passionately for his own pictures, and, I surmise, for not many others. No harm in that: exclusive pre-occupation with his own work becomes a particular kind of artist. It became Wordsworth who, nevertheless, learnt from Milton, and it becomes Matisse who can appreciate Renoir and Fragonard. Picasso, too, takes a rather perfunctory interest in other people's pictures; the rapidity with which he knocks off an exhibition is sometimes slightly embarrassing to his companion. But in other more or less formal manifestations of human restlessness and human desire for perfection he is interested profoundly. The doings of a house-painter or a shop-window dresser can hold him spell-bound or move him to enthusiastic comment. He will bring home odd toys or cheap finery to delight in their clever contrivance or striking effect. Any manifestation of human ingenuity pleases him. He likes popular art, not the Maypole and the Morris, but the popular art of the street and the fair, in which no one but he would, unprompted, have discovered art. For here he finds common life expressed in some uncommon way.

Let us make no mystery about it, Matisse is interested in what has interested painters always—his vision of things and the problem of expressing that vision. Because he is an artist the expression becomes beauty; because he is original his beauty was at first mistaken for ugliness. Now that he has taught the world to see with him, the enjoyment of his pictures comes as easily as the enjoyment of Renoir's. Matisse looking out of his window at Nice perceives simple, sensuous loveliness and renders his peculiar version of it in his own inimitable way. Picasso, on the beach in Brittany, sees otherwise, sees what is there and a string of implications as well. A vision of that sort is not to be expressed simply and sensuously. It might be expressed coldly and viciously. In fact, the rendering is beautiful and precise: precise with the precision of some deadly machine the efficiency of which depends on calculations carried out to the fraction of a millimetre; beautiful because Picasso's taste is as impeccable as his manipulation is marvellous. What is rendered, however, is not always the joy of seeing and feeling, but, as often as not, something flavoured, at times pretty strongly flavoured, with disgust or despair; that is why the whole, in its wilful cynicism, is what I call sentimental.

Thus it comes about that Picasso, for all his preoccupation with processes, is not predominantly interested in what absorbs craftsmen. A masterly craftsman he is, and he is interested in craftsmanship; but it is the manifestation in craft of odd scraps of individuality, not necessarily profound, but unexpected, scraps which by hook or by crook have escaped industrial regimentation, that catches his eye. The embellishment of a match-box, betraying some remnant of artistic feeling, will attract him more than a Chippendale chair. Herein he would seem to discover the authentic aestheticism of our age, the last survival of popular art, an overlooked accident, surprising and pathetic. He goes further, and seems to enjoy the very baseness of the contemporary urban mind once he can find an unmistakable expression of it in some queer place where you would last have looked for expression. A lamp-post, a public urinal, a street-vendor's toy, the lettering on a suburban grocer's shop, all or any of these may become manifestations of the spirit of the age, and as such for Picasso charged with significance. For it is not merely as curious forms that they interest him, as they might interest any modern painter; they move him as symbols, too, as manifestations. He can be cautiously sentimental about them.

I put it forward as a hypothesis, and as nothing more, that what the journeyman, be he tinker, tailor, toy-maker or house-painter, but be he ever so little individual and an artist, is crudely and unconsciously manifesting, Picasso is trying to express deliberately, in full and perfect consciousness, and with exquisite delicacy. It is the complete consciousness that gives the touch of cynicism. He is trying to express his sense of such idiosyncrasy and oddity as has adhered, parasitewise, to our uniform and machine-ridden civilisation. Matisse, meanwhile, is painting rapturously, as a bird sings, in the ageless garden of the French tradition. Probably, because he has founded no school, he will be admired by future generations—and he will be admired as long as painting is enjoyed—as the last of the great Impressionists. Picasso may be admired as one of the original and inventive minds of a peculiarly inventive and harassed age. But Matisse must be admired: Picasso may.

CLIVE BELL

## THE B.B.C. CONCERT ORGAN

SOMEBODY at the B.B.C. possesses a splendid histrionic sense; or, perhaps I should say that everybody at the B.B.C. possesses this sense, if not by nature then by the contagiousness of the dramatic atmosphere which pervades Broadcasting House from Eric Gill's "Prospero and Ariel"—that most unlyrical piece of sculpture on the front exterior—to the eclectic chapel of worship within, through which one treads fearfully on tip-toe with one's hat removed expecting an invisible voice to speak from the skies—the voice of Sir John Reith.

Nowhere else in England is there such a vivid sense of ceremony; indeed, I doubt if it can be matched anywhere in the world to-day and a recent example of B.B.C. prowess in this respect was the occasion of the Opening of the Organ in the Concert Hall at Broadcasting House. Here I must digress a little to pay a tribute to the good taste which superintends the printing of the B.B.C. concert programmes. I think everybody interested in typography will admit that the B.B.C. programmes set an example in simple, clear and beautiful printing and format which is not equalled anywhere else in Europe. The ceremony of the Opening of the Organ was perfectly stage-managed. The audience stood silent while the National Anthem was played, whereupon followed a programme of organ music distributed between three well-known organists: Sir Walter G. Alcock, Mr. Thalben-Ball and Mr. G. D. Cunningham. The programme was admirably short, just sufficient for the potentialities of the new organ for better or for worse to be revealed; then we all retired for much-needed and excellent refreshments where we could

discuss the revelation of this new musical monster in comfort. Every detail of this inaugural ceremony was perfect with exception of the music, and even the music was served with that organising efficiency characteristic of the B.B.C., only it just didn't happen to be music.

I have no technical criticism to offer of the organ itself, the work of the John Compton Organ Company, Ltd. It seemed to me to be a perfect specimen of a modern concert organ. It is approximately twenty-eight feet high and thirty feet wide and its average depth from front to back is about four feet, with a minimum measurement of only twenty-three inches. It is solidly walled in except for a central opening about twelve feet square, which, however, is partly closed by a bronze grille. Personally, I like the whole pipal structure of an organ to be visible to the eye, with the pipes symmetrically grouped so that one can at least amuse oneself locating where the horrible multitudinous sounds of a modern organ issue while it is being played. However, one can watch the lights switching on and off behind the twelve-foot grille and that is something.

The B.B.C. organ is divided into three compartments, each fitted with a set of swell shutters. In the central and upper portion is the great organ with the solo concert flute and most of the pedal basses. In the left wing are the choir organ and the tubas, and in the right wing the swell organ and the solo cor-de-nuit. The cor-de-nuit has seventy-three pipes and, as its name implies, is used to send one to sleep after having been too savagely aroused by the swell trumpet, the trombas and the thirty-two foot contra trombone. I myself do not care for the cor-de-nuit, any more than I do for the dulciana; in fact, I find every one of the organ's 2,826 pipes superfluous. But I must continue in an impartial spirit to do justice to this so-called musical instrument, the new organ.

It is fitted with three interchangeable expression pedals with indicators, a crescendo pedal with indicator, ten double touch combination pistons to each manual, eight general pistons, one automatic pedal control piston to each manual, a general cancel piston (this is the one I should use most!), an adjuster piston in choir key cheeks (this means imitation choir-boys!), twelve reverser pistons for the couplers, five toe pistons to pedal organ, five toe pistons to great organ, five toe pistons to swell organ and adding and reducing pedals. There seem to be no heel pistons to great, swell or pedal organ—this is an inexplicable omission.

There are four manuals and the stops light up when used like little lamps. Now it is easy to imagine that when Sir Walter G. Alcock sat on the seat and found himself confronted with this array of mechanical devices he lost his fine, intimate musical relation to John Sebastian Bach. He first of all played a Choral Prelude, *Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele*, and then the Prelude and Fugue in D Major. During this performance multifarious sounds issued from the twelve-foot bronze grille at the end of the hall and combined into something that undoubtedly might be called music, even the music of J. S. Bach. A professor might have recognised it, but I doubt if a musician would. In fact, for myself I can only say that these sequences of noises and changes of registration which the modern organ produces in such marvellous variety and abundance have no relation to the art of music whatever. I believe the modern organ is responsible for the destruction of musicianship in a large number of the musical profession in England during the past fifty years, because it destroys in all who play and listen to it the two fundamental elements of music—tone and rhythm.

For example, it is impossible to use all this apparatus of manuals, stops and pistons and maintain an exact rhythmic precision. Even the most skilled organ virtuoso has to make pauses of a fraction of a second whilst transferring his hands from one manual to another or from the stops, thumb pistons, cancellers, switches to the keyboard. And when to the pedals there are added expression and crescendo pedals, adding and reducing pistons, solo and choir sustainers, the whole thing becomes ridiculous. The modern organ is designed to destroy the sense of rhythm and substitute mechanical trickery in its place. It is also designed to destroy the musician's sense of tone and balance. The new B.B.C. organ is a decent and artistic organ in comparison with a great number of modern organs, but it cannot escape the essential viciousness of an instrument which has become mechanised to such a degree that it puts an effective barrier between music and the musician. Among the variety of sounds that the modern organ produces there may be a few which are relatively musical and pleasing, but the great majority are harsh or tinny and many of them are excruciatingly ugly. I should be greatly surprised if anyone who heard this inaugural recital on the new B.B.C. organ got any musical pleasure from it. I certainly did not, and it required a large measure of the soothing refreshments so thoughtfully provided to restore me to a state of comparative well-being after the ordeal endured in the concert hall.

W. J. TURNER

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### Old and New.

The Camargo Ballet Society's progress along the hard path of choreographic adventure has been diverted by a lighter lure. Its face, wreathed in smiles of welcome, turned on Tuesday night not towards its subscribers but towards the Royal Family and the delegates to the Economic Conference, to whom it offered two of the best known and oldest items from the repertory of the Imperial Russian ballet—*Coppelia* and the *Lac des Cygnes*—performed by the Vic.-Wells ballet, of whose programme they form a regular part.

What do the subscribers think of this transformation? Is it because they realise that the aims set out in the original prospectus have been long since forgotten and they must not expect anything choreographically new from the Camargo Ballet Society that they consented to telescope the remaining performances of the season into one huge gala performance of two well-known ballets at Covent Garden? Perhaps the novelty of the idea that a society formed for producing new ballets and introducing unknown dancers should suddenly transform itself into a political hostess took their fancy. In any case private murmurs were drowned on Tuesday in the general applause and the glamour of a great social event. An audience fresh from the Jooss ballets looked curiously at the delegates resting in their boxes after the fatigues of the Green Table. The Queen shone graciously from the Royal Box, attended by the Duchess of York and other members of the Royal Family. No one had forgotten to wear evening dress, and all who had them wore decorations. It was a brilliant scene. The performance was rather less brilliant. One is always delighted to hear again Délibes' delicious music to *Coppelia*, Tchaikovsky's magical *Lac des Cygnes*; but neither Lopokova, in a part so well suited to her genius, nor Hedley Briggs, in his masterly performance of Coppelius, could save *Coppelia* from tedium, especially as there was nothing decorative to charm the eye; and though Markova, brilliantly supported by Dolin, was more perfect than ever as the swan-princess, the *corps de ballet* looked as if no swan-wings could ever lift them far from earth. Anton Dolin enlivened the interval between the two ballets with an extremely good performance of his *pas seul Espagnol*.

But why were Mme. Rambert's pearls gleaming among the audience instead of on the stage? If Camargo wished to show the delegates the best of English ballet-dancing it should surely have drawn in the Ballet Club, which is the home of choreographic invention in London. The Ballet Club, at the last performance of the season, had its own small gala on Sunday night in its own diminutive theatre, far too small for those who wished to be present.

*Atalanta*, a youthful phantasy in the oriental manner, composed by Anthony Tudor and beautifully staged and dressed by William Chappell, was greatly improved by the return of four of Mme. Rambert's best dancers from the Balanchine ballets in Paris. We hope to comment on it more fully on a later occasion. Frederick Ashton's *Masques*, a worthy successor to his admirable and amusing *Foyer*, and an enchanting solo, *Pompette*, designed specially by Frederick Ashton for Andrée Howard, to a once famous French polka *Lune d'Amour*, were among the principal items in a generous programme of novelties. *Pompette* must be seen several times before one can fully appreciate its delicate choreo-

graphy, and exquisite rendering by Andrée Howard. But one must wait now till the autumn when the Ballet Club re-opens.

**Proscenium**

Miss Fay Compton is up to her tricks again, cheating us of our tears by those very means which, if we could only have our wits about us in her presence, would give the whole game away. Improbable as the Manchester school ma'am, she is doubly incredible as an actress too old to play Juliet who finally steps back in order to become the wife of a matinee-idol. And yet, who else could make this nonsense at the Globe Theatre even tolerable, let alone raise it to a by no means inconsiderable theatrical evening? This actress seizes upon the very weakest moments in her part and by sheer luminous sincerity exalts them into splendour. There is one scene in *Proscenium* when, as the famous but no longer youthful actress, she decides to marry the young man who is the son of her former sweetheart (how easily the Edwardian word slips into the narrative!). She tells him circumstantially of her inward fear that she is incapable of the passion she has portrayed so often on the stage. Nothing, on the face of it, could be less probable. Yet in Miss Compton's face and voice the confession becomes deeply moving, acquires a strange universality which blots out all the shoddy circumstance in which it is made. Mr. Novello, who accepts responsibility for the piece, plays the young man very charmingly on rather Marshallesque lines, obscuring his sawdust origin with engaging externals. He shows some subtlety and force in his handling of the hysterical and lovelorn Juliet on the eve of a Shakespeare production destined to run for a year—this last phenomenon being quite acceptable in its context.

**The Mocking Bird**

The new play at the St. Martin's is disappointing, coming as it does from the author of *Passing Through Lorraine*, Mr. Lionel Hale. It has a hollow ring, and it makes its Shakespearean quotations sound like catchwords. The effect of hollowness increases as the play goes on, and the Macbeth knocking scene before the final curtain quite misses fire. Conceived as a fantasy, the play is everywhere tied down to earth; in fact the author wastes his time and misses his effect by trying to make everydayness an idea that is as preposterous as it is diverting. The scene is a house on Dartmoor occupied by an entirely ordinary family, with some stuck-on characteristics, and otherwise differentiated only by the degrees in which they have their several feet in the grave of materialism. To this enters the chief character, straight from a psychoanalyst's case-book, whom the author uses for his main plot without any attempt to make him credible by analysis or otherwise. All the characters are under-imagined except in the raw, and most of them are over cast. Mr. Athole Stewart and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, for instance, have parts that suit them so nicely that they have no chance of acting at all. The whole play is informed by a cut-and-dried set of values, and flavoured with mock heroics and a rather bad-tasting sentiment. So much for the debits. On the credit side there are one or two scenes of quite delicious comedy which bring everyone to life for a few minutes; and there is an ingenuity about the whole thing that emerges despite faults. It is one of those annoying plays that can be neither ignored nor admired.

**Beatrice Mayor**

Years ago when the Stage Society produced *The Pleasure Garden* it seemed that its author, Beatrice Mayor, was the dramatist we were all hoping for. A great talent for presenting a situation and realising a character in terms of the theatre was combined with a philosophy or attitude to life far more sensitive than that of the most admired contemporary playwrights. Mysteriously *The Pleasure Garden* had no successor till last Monday, when the Kew Theatre presented *Little Earthquake*. This play confirms our belief that if she would persevere Mrs. Mayor would have a prodigious success. The first two acts of her new play are as amusing as anything I have seen in years. The play was written in collaboration with her three children, and has a charade quality which takes one delightfully back to the period before Sardou and Co. invented the well-made play. But Mrs. Mayor at the end seems to have tried to pull the fanciful farce together and give it a point which it does not require. We are shown a suburban family who drink a bottle of liqueur brought as a sample by a stranger. They begin to have pains and imagine that they have been poisoned by a homicidal maniac of whom they read in the paper. Their anxieties are incredibly funny, and the effect on their various characters revealing and sometimes even moving. At the end, of course, it all turns out to be a mistake, and there is a slight moral to the effect that the more certain we are of the fact that we shall die the more important it is to live life for its own sweet sake. Stated baldly, the plot sounds silly, but the treatment keeps one gasping with amusement and curiosity. If the third act were rewritten in the spirit of the first two—and it would not be difficult to show the family relapsing—the play should have a wide success. Miss Betty Potter gives the best performance at present to be seen in London. The play is at Kew for this week only, and I strongly recommend an immediate pilgrimage.

## THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 30th—
- Meeting arranged by the Relief Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. Speeches by J. B. S. Haldane, James Maxton, Harry Pollitt, Ellen Wilkinson, E. F. Wise, Ernst Toller, E. Erwin Kisch, Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- "Les Ballets 1933," Savoy Theatre.

SATURDAY, July 1st—
- Groups and Dances, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
- Conference on Sex Education at Home, School and After, Conway Hall, 2.30 and 6.30. And on July 2nd.
- S.C.R. Garden Fete, to be opened by Madame Maisky; Speeches by Frances Countess of Warwick, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Despard, and others, Grounds of King Alfred's School, North End Road, N.W., 3.

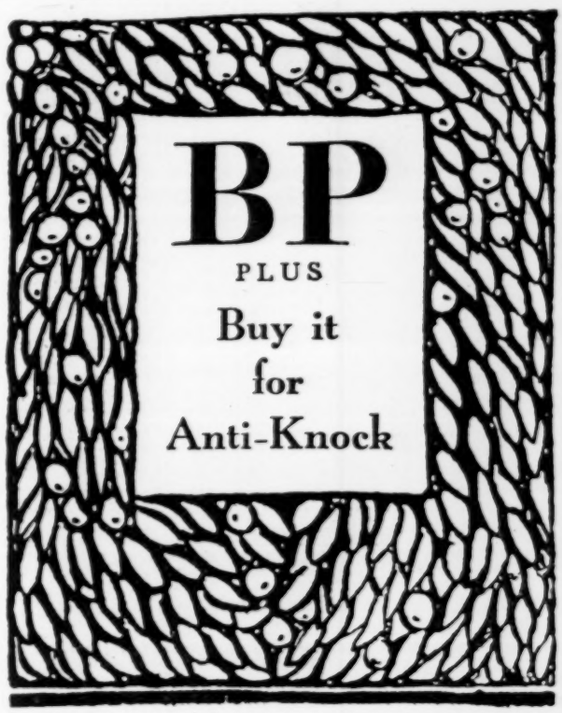
SUNDAY, July 2nd—
- C. Delisle Burns on "The Alternative to Dictatorship," Conway Hall, 11.
- "The Writing on the Wall," Royalty Theatre.

MONDAY, July 3rd—
- Serge Lifar and Alice Nikitina, Savoy Theatre. And on July 7th and 10th.
- "Vessels Departing," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, July 4th—
- M. R. Jayaker on "What Indians Ask For," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Royal Agricultural Society's Show, Derby.
- "Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo," Alhambra.

WEDNESDAY, July 5th—
- Thirty-Two Club Public Luncheon; Lord Davies on "Harnessing Power to Peace—the Right Use of Force in International Relationships—the Establishment of an International Tribunal and Police Force," Northumberland Rooms, Northumberland Avenue, W.C., 1.

THURSDAY, July 6th—
- League of Nations Past and Present. Speeches by Sir Eric Drummond, Sir John Simon, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mrs. Mary Hamilton, Queen's Hall, 8.
- "After Dark," Vaudeville Theatre.



# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE egg loses its clean opacity; it seems to become dirtied on the inside and shiny on the out; then one afternoon the shell chips and, reminded by the date in the henwife's diary, the children prise away the anxious sitter—but it is not her erected feathers and habit of angry skips and spiteful darts that I wish to recall, but the needle-like beaks stabbing their way out and the yellow ball of fluff which pecks at everything around it before the last piece of shell has fallen off its back. Peck, peck, peck! It has broken into the world without a trace of surprise and, with no more experience than is afforded by the inside of an egg, it is already critical of everything it touches. In its knowledge of the world the chick appears to be mature at the moment of its hatching, and the publication of the recently discovered MS. *Volume the First* (Oxford, 5*s*.) now in the Bodleian, seems to show that something of the same kind can happen to little girls. Jane Austen cannot have been much more than fifteen when most of these scraps were composed and she may have been younger, but she is already mocking at life, mocking at fine false sentiments, and feeding her sense of humour on the stupidity of human beings. And this sense of humour is so delightfully rich and so full of vitality that her purely destructive pecks inspire nothing but delighted joy and love.

* * *

Naturally in a girl of fifteen the instinct for mockery found expression in rather obstreperous exaggerations, or minimisations, of the kind which have always been thought intensely amusing by children and primitive peoples and which occur continually in the childhood of literature.

> However when he was once got to Devizes, he was determined to comfort himself with a good hot supper and therefore ordered a whole egg to be boiled for him and his Servants.

As in *Love and Friendship*, she is mainly content to satirise literature, and in particular the nonsense of romantic novels:

> There are a thousand advantages to be derived from a marriage with the Duke, for besides those more inferior ones of Rank and Fortune it will procure me a home, which of all other things is what I most desire. Your Ladyship's kind wish of my always remaining with you is nobie and generous, but I cannot think of becoming so great a burden on one I so much love and esteem. That one should receive obligations only from those we despise, is a sentiment instilled into my mind by my worthy aunt, in my early years, and cannot in my mind be too strictly adhered to.

Indeed from various touches, too slight to be called evidence, I believe that she may have been reading Jonathan Wild or Joseph Andrews. Certainly there is something very reminiscent of Fielding about her mind:

> Being good People themselves, their first and principal care was to incite in her a Love of Virtue and a Hatred of Vice, in which they so well succeeded . . . that when she grew up, she was the delight of all who knew her. Beloved by Lady Harcourt, adored by Sir George, admired by all the World, she lived in a continued course of uninterrupted Happiness, till she had attained her eighteenth year, when happening one day to be detected in stealing a banknote of 50*£*, she was turned out of doors by her inhuman Benefactors.

Another reason (which may seem far-fetched) which inclines me to believe that she had read Fielding is a reference which shows that she had read Richardson:

> She was not fond of going out, and like the great Sir Charles Grandison scorned to deny herself when at home, as she looked on that fashionable method of shutting out disagreeable visitors as little less than downright Bigamy.

* * *

If her high spirits and her sense of humour had stopped at making fun of the absurdities of books, there would have been nothing much for us to bother about. But from the first she could see human stupidity as an inexhaustible source of amusement. The following dialogue which appears in a delightfully knockabout fragment of a novel, seems to me to show Jane Austen's method of drawing character out of imbecility. It is almost photographed from life, yet it could not be more exaggerated:

> ". . . she was in general esteemed a pretty Woman, but I never thought her very handsome, for my part. She had too high a forehead. Her eyes were too small and she had too much colour." "How can *that* be?" interrupted Miss Johnson reddening with anger; "Do you think than any one can have too much colour?" "Indeed I do, and I'll tell you why I do my dear Alice; when a person has too great a degree of red in their Complexion, it gives their face in my opinion, too red a look." "But can a face My Lady have too red a look?" "Certainly my dear Miss Johnson, I'll tell you why. When a face has too red a look, it does not appear to so much advantage as it would were it paler." "Pray Ma'am proceed in your story." "Well as I said before . . . Many Gentlemen thought her handsome, but in my opinion her forehead was too high, her eyes too small and she had too much colour." "In that Madam, as I said before your Ladyship must have been mistaken. Mrs. Watkins could not have had too much colour since no one can have too much." "Excuse me my Love if I do not agree with you in that particular. Let me explain myself clearly; my idea of the case is this. When a woman has too great a proportion of red in her Cheeks, she must have too much colour." "But Madam I deny that it is possible for any one to have too great a proportion of red in their Cheeks." "What my Love, not if they have too much colour?"

The secret of that passage is, of course, the shattering nature of the last remark, but how often we have all heard—and have ourselves conducted, arguments on such lines. We can scarcely be expected to notice it when we do it ourselves, but the odd thing is that we do not pay attention to such stupidity in other people. It irritates us and we brush it aside with a contemptuous laugh.

* * *

Stupidity has always been laughed at, but for ages mankind has been content with such butts as the blundering upstart dictator Mr. Punch and the stupidity of ignorance shown in cuckolds and country cousins and clowns at the circus. But that was all a formal stupidity, entailed on them by the parts they had to play. Jane Austen was almost the first to notice and exploit the complete lack of comprehension shown continually in conversation in daily life, which she utilises not only to make us laugh but to give us an insight into character. It is a peculiar reflection on human intelligence that something so obvious as the lack of it should have remained unnoticed for so many ages. But the girl who noted down one variety of unintelligence with such deadly precision must have been able to do so not because she was more shrewish or sharp, but because she could watch and gloat over it without any feeling of irritation. She had no desire to brush it aside; for her, far more than for Flaubert collecting his *Sottisier*, it was pure delight. That attitude, I think, was new in literature, and the nearest thing to it that I can think of in an earlier writer is in Shakespeare's portraits of Polonius and of Shallow.

* * *

She began life with this violent sense of the ridiculous, and in *The First Volume* she is fitfully indulging the humour which rose to such heights five or six years later when she wrote her first important book, *Northanger Abbey*. That was largely still making fun of romantic novels, but it contained also the rich observation of human beings. The following is another instance of it from *The First Volume*:

> Dear Sally, I have found a very convenient old hollow oak to put our Letters in. . . . It is about a mile from my house seven from yours. You may perhaps imagine that I might have made choice of a tree which would have divided the Distance more equally but as I considered the walk would be of benefit to you in your weak and uncertain state of Health I preferred it to one nearer your house, and am yr. faithfull Benjamin Bar.

I feel pretty certain that Mr. Bar had been observed and listened to with ecstasy. In conclusion, perhaps I ought to say that, of course, I know there is another side to Jane Austen's work, though I am inclined to believe that her tenderer later moods grew out of her gloating love of human foolishness—not a bad introduction to an understanding of the heart.

DAVID GARNETT

# EARLY CHINESE PAINTING

**A History of Early Chinese Painting.** By OSVALD SIREN. 2 vols. *Medici Press.* £7 7s.

Dr. Osvald Siren is an enthusiastic and adventurous art historian. He likes to make excursions into regions which have only been partially mapped out and to bring back sketch-maps of his route. Such maps sometimes require a good deal of revision by later and more meticulous students, but they serve the purpose of stimulating general interest and encouraging further exploration. Thus it was that he boldly ventured into what was then the jungle of fourteenth-century Florentine art, and though a great many of his conclusions have not been upheld, they at least furnished a starting point for further discussion.

And now for long he has been concerned with Chinese art, first with the sculpture and now with the much more difficult subject of painting. He has attacked it with his usual energy and confidence, spending long periods in China and Japan, learning the language sufficiently to enable him to interpret at least the general drift of the vast masses of Chinese art criticism, and now in the present work he has endeavoured to relate this critical material with the few and scattered remains of early Chinese painting.

It is a terribly difficult subject, because there are so few works about which we can have any positive certainty. In European art it is very rare that a copy passes for an original, but in China the great masters of one period frequently copied the masterpieces of an earlier past, and these copies were treasured and regarded with almost equal veneration, as, indeed, of almost equal value. When the British Museum acquired, by a marvellous stroke of luck, the celebrated Ku Kai Chi roll it appeared that here at last was a work of the greatest antiquity authenticated by a succession of Chinese authorities. None the less for many years it became an open question among experts whether it was not a copy of the Sung period, many centuries later than its supposed origin. It is true that of late there has been a general return of authoritative opinion to the earlier date, but the case is typical of our difficulties with regard to establishing any fixed points of reference in the great early periods of Chinese painting. Some paintings can be certainly dated—we have wall paintings from Hau tombs and frescoes of undoubted T'ang origin from Central Asia, but these are fragmentary works or by minor provincial artists. It is when we are dealing with the great classical masters who painted on silk that our difficulties and doubts accumulate. Perhaps at this stage, then, it is a fault on the right side that Dr. Siren shows himself so optimistic that he feels able to offer us examples which he can associate with the great names and which he endeavours to relate to the criticisms of their time.

Nothing gives one a better idea of the age and continuity of Chinese civilisation than to note for how many centuries artistic criticism and expertise has persisted. The list of Chinese writers on art referred to by Dr. Siren begins with one dated A.D. 500 But perhaps a better notion of the primeval modernity of Chinese culture can be gained from the discussions on a picture of the Thirteen Emperors recently acquired by the Boston Museum. This picture is ascribed to Yen-li-pen, one of the great masters of the T'ang period and a high court official in the seventh century. Affixed to the scroll are annotations. The earliest of these dates from about A.D. 1000. Then in 1188 the State minister Chou Pi-ta examined the scroll and recorded as follows: "I examined it, and of the thirteen Emperors only in Hsüan Ti, his two ministers, two fan-carriers, two attendants and four litter-bearers is the vigour of the brush especially excellent. The silk in this part, moreover, is particularly worn. I have no doubt that this portion is the genuine work of Yen-li-pen. The rest appears to me to have been copied from the old and is somewhat better preserved." Even now, seven centuries later, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does not record his observations on the backs of Leonardo's and Raphael's pictures! This scroll, now at last made generally known, adds at least one *point de repère* for our reconstruction of T'ang painting. Through the beautiful later copy of a celebrated masterpiece of Yen-li-pen, *The Collating of the Books*, we get further help towards some notion of the stately and suave rhythms and the consummate spacing of the great classic period of Chinese painting.

But we get a more intimate and vivid delight from Mons. Stoclet's picture of a drunken monk. Even though the actual work may be as Mr. Waley suggests, in his *Introduction to the History of Chinese Painting*, of somewhat later date, it is none the less by a great master who preserved the essentials of the T'ang style.

We cannot help striving to piece together from the scanty remains some idea of T'ang painting, which was assuredly one of the great creative efforts of the human spirit. And in this task Dr. Siren's book affords us what we need. In his numerous illustrations—there are 126 plates—he has deliberately sacrificed something of quality in order to give us the greatest possible number of suggestions. It is very difficult to make reproductions which do not distort the delicate and fragile tone harmonies of Chinese painting, and modern conditions make the price of the finest collotype prohibitive for the general public. I do not mean to suggest that the illustrations in Dr. Siren's book are badly done; they are above the average of a great deal of recent work, and where the original is sharply defined the result is entirely adequate.

Anyhow, Dr. Siren's book gives us for the first time a kind of bird's-eye view of the whole body of early Chinese painting and it contains a great deal that can arouse vivid aesthetic enjoyment. What strikes us when we thus survey the great masters of the T'ang and early Sung times is the variety of their motives and the modernity of their approach. If Yen-li-pen gives us the stately movements of court life, through the copies of Chon Fang we discover an entrancing art of romantic genre, of almost Giorgionesque intensity and purity of feeling; through what derives from Wang Wei a conception of landscape which at times seems to satisfy a rather naive curiosity but at others reveals a sense of the overtones of feeling in the presence of nature which we consider the special discovery of the modern man. There is one reproduction of a work from the Imperial Manchu Collection which, though only attributed to Wang Wei, suggests the presence of one of the greatest interpreters of landscape of which we know.

Then, again, we have the solemn portraits, mostly of Buddhist priests, and in some of these we are certainly dealing with originals by a T'ang artist, since they have been in Japanese temples since the year 864, when Kobo Daishi brought them over. So wide was the range of T'ang art that subsequent ages could only repeat the same types of picture, and all later tradition is permeated by the influence of T'ang originals. Certain aspects of landscape are more intensely exploited, a greater variety and detail is introduced into the genre scenes, and elaborate theories with regard to the significance of brush-work give rise to a rather barren virtuosity. More and more, painting became a mode of literary feeling, less and less did it pursue those plastic aims which are its special concern. Already in Mu-ch'i, who was born early in the thirteenth century, we come upon the expression of that particular kind of sentimental exaggeration which so often shocks us in modern Japanese art. It marks the dawn of expressionism in China. Dr. Siren tells us that he is almost entirely neglected by modern Chinese critics, which is an evidence of their discernment.

But there were surprising recoveries. Again and again reference back to the classics inspired artists to eschew virtuosity and seek for directness and intensity of vision. Though there was a touch of conscious archaism in Chao Meng Fu, his paintings of animals do attain to a kind of monumental grandeur without losing vitality, and there is often great charm in the later developments of landscape by the group of non-professional artists who saw the dangers of the cult of virtuosity.

Although art lovers will turn with most curiosity to Dr. Siren's illustrations, the text, apart from its lucid account of the history, is rendered particularly interesting by his long quotations from the critics, giving sometimes their opinion on particular works and masters, sometimes their rather vague and high-sounding aesthetic theories, sometimes their receipts for the making of pictures, which are often of a disconcerting naivety. "In painting landscape . . . the mountains should be 10 feet, the trees 1 foot, the horses 1 inch, the men 1/10th inch. Far away men have no eyes, far away trees no branches, far away mountains no stones; . . . far away water has no waves and reaches up to the clouds. These are the secrets."

Dr. Siren closes his survey with the end of the Yuan period, at the close of the fourteenth century; that is to say, just when the great European tradition started. We can find no great creative impulse in any Chinese painting of later date, but there are many curious and interesting personalities and much that is of great beauty. It is to be hoped that Dr. Siren will proceed to give us some idea of this art which is still so unfamiliar to European students.

ROGER FRY

# NEW NOVELS

**Little Friend.** By ERNST LOTHAR. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.
**Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown.** By CHRISTINE LONGFORD. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
**Tandem.** By VIOLET TREFUSIS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
**The Sinner.** By I. J. SINGER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
**Two Loves I Have.** By OWEN PITMAN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
**Love on the Dole.** By WALTER GREENWOOD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

There are novels which attempt to be works of art and succeed, others which attempt and fail, others again with a different aim: to entertain. (When works of art in fiction entertain, it is an added delight, but subsidiary.) As Wilde remarked, the truth is never pure and very rarely simple, and any statement as simple as mine is a net full of holes for truth to escape by; nevertheless, a residue remains. All novels cannot be judged by the same standard; the author's intention must be taken into account, and it is sometimes difficult to determine what that intention was. If entertainment only was projected, and a work of art results, very well and good—also, the critic's task is clarified. But there are novels which possibly were planned and written in deep seriousness: *Little Friend* is one. Our uncertainty may be partly due to the translation, for that it *is* a translation one is perpetually conscious. "Sleeping" where "asleep" is English usage, "pardon" for "forgive me," the exclamation "A scandal!" for "It's scandalous!" and expressions like "This is past the limit!" are examples of the irritating veil drawn between Herr Lothar and his English readers. But, piercing the veil, one finds oneself in contact with a hard, slick, accomplished, voluble writer who, it seems most probable, accurately gauged the taste of his potential audience, and deliberately plumped for the rich easy loam of "child psychology" in which to plough. He has judiciously mingled tender insight and worldly knowledge. Choosing a girl of eleven, he inevitably challenges comparison with James's *Maisie*, and the comparison shows up his shallowness. Feli is wretched because her parents live at enmity, knows far more of the situation than they think, intervenes to a considerable and improbable extent, and, after giving evidence in the divorce, tries to commit suicide, thereby bringing them together. We are shown all this from Feli's point of view, with a modernity already slightly old-fashioned. As entertainment, it will appeal to people who like to get their teeth into something which looks solid but does not really entail any trouble. The book is nutritive in appearance only.

In the case of *Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown* all is crystal-clear: Lady Longford has no pretensions to providing more than light reading. She can be very amusing. This, her third novel, is less amusing than the others; a certain monotony is inherent in both theme and setting: at Jigginstown, the possible inheritors gather, each trying to oust the other from the esteem of the old man, its owner. Mr. Jiggins might have been a much more interesting character than he is; he is a dignified, not ridiculous, crank who in youth as a soldier suffered a conversion against Empire-building which caused him to disobey orders, and now believes that human souls are reincarnated in the bodies of animals. But Lady Longford will not desert her chosen level of concrete reporting; she hurries on with her dry gaiety, from scene to comic scene, sketching absurd or unpleasant neighbours, recording inane conversations, noting the counterplots of the heritage-hunters. Were her touch less firm, I should have said she *timidly* hurried on, for there is something wilful and ostrich-like in her determination to avoid going deeper. If she would consent to go deeper, I think she could produce a work of art; meanwhile, she has given us a very well-written comedy with slightly depressing overtones.

Mrs. Trefusis is less successful: *Tandem* has not the unity and shapeliness of *Mr. Jiggins of Jigginstown*. It begins in a light, flexible, Paul-Morand vein about the Demetriades, a highly intelligent Greek family settled in France. The talented little girls, their Scotch governess, their charming mother, their musical aunt and dilettante uncle, the aspect and atmosphere of the early nineties are touched off with ease and wit. The author's method causes one to relax and be willing to follow where she guides, looking where she points, and this remains true for half the book—as long as Pénélope remains the centre. While portraying talent, heartlessness and French smart-intellectual society Mrs. Trefusis is in command; but her touch wavers when she has to deal with Irène, the woman of heart, the sister who married an Englishman and went to live in his ancestral home. The scene in which Irène's would-be lover declares himself is shockingly stilted and unreal. The author seems aware of her lack of grip, for, after returning to France and Pénélope, she casually kills off Irène in the hunting-field. But Pénélope, undeveloped since a child, a brilliant writer taking lovers whom she does not want merely in order to be discussed, does not hold our interest as she did in youth: she is a purely static figure. Mrs. Trefusis would probably be a better short-story writer than novelist. The book's dust-cover is charming.

With *The Sinner*, most admirably translated by Mr. Maurice Samuel, we come into the world of art, and at the same time into a strange, profuse, coloured world of Rabbis, their patriarchal courts, and the strong racial and religious feelings of their followers. The book has done what nothing else did—made the Old Testament real to me. "The famous Rabbi, leader of thousands of Jews of the Chassidic sect throughout Galicia and Russia," marries off his plain youngest daughter to the son of a distant Rabbi. The period is before the fall of the Austrian Empire. Nahum is an aristocratic, intellectual, mystically inclined youth absorbed in the Kabbala, indifferent to his wife. Soon after his advent to the Rabbinical court, the old Rabbi, thrice a widower, marries a young, beautiful, turbulent girl. She and Nahum succumb to a violent mutual attraction; after their single act of adultery the boy, horrified at his sin, disappears from the court. We next meet him as a wandering beggar, singing psalms perpetually, and not defending himself when ill-treated; he is called Yoshe the Loon: apparently a second personality has come uppermost. By a series of events he finds himself married to a half-wit girl whose advances he had resisted, after which he again disappears. By this time fifteen years have elapsed. On his return to the Rabbinical court, he is welcomed, forgiven, and becomes a saint, a leader under his failing father-in-law, whose bride had died in bearing Nahum's son. Nahum's identity with Yoshe the Loon is mooted, and the climax of the book is a trial before "seventy Rabbis and scholars—the number which made up the Sanhedrin of old," in which an attempt is made to establish who and what he is. The story is told with great skill and is extremely interesting; the circumstances and atmosphere of the Rabbinical court are

GEORGE MOORE'S
**last book**

**The Nonesuch Press has just published A COMMUNICATION TO MY FRIENDS by George Moore. The edition, which is limited to 1000 copies, has been fully subscribed by the booksellers, who should still be able to serve early comers. Price 18s.**

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**John Donne's SERMON OF VALEDICTION is another recent Nonesuch book. It is printed on Auvergne handmade paper in the 17th century Fell types, in an edition of 750 copies, price 12s. 6d.**

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**The Nonesuch Press has also recently published but can itself no longer supply, these two books: BUTLERIANA, new papers from Samuel Butler's notebooks, 800 copies, price 15s.; and INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE GARDINER by John Evelyn the Diarist, now for the first time printed: 800 copies, price 16s.**

***Of both of these copies may still be had at the booksellers.***

***NONESUCH PRESS***

# ECONOMICS FOR MEMBERS of the ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

**and others**

***Success in Present Stage of Industrialisation Impossible Under Unsound Monetary and Exchange Practices of the Past***

**ANY NATION COULD QUICKLY FREE ITSELF FROM UNEMPLOYMENT FOR ALL TIME**

Each nation is solely responsible for its own general price level and its own prosperity, regardless of conditions elsewhere.

The general price level in terms of any nation's currency may be moved up or down at will or held stationary by only one means. Only by that means can prices be raised to an equitable level and maintained at that level: a currency unit of constant purchasing power is possible by no other means.

The use of a currency unit of constant purchasing power would automatically so distribute the fruits of the nation's industry between its savers and spenders that together they could always consume all that could be produced. The interests of capital and labour would automatically be rendered mutual and the maximum possible return would accrue to each.

Industrialisation has now reached such a stage that until the paradox in the relation between wages and profits is better understood, maladjustment and serious unemployment are inevitable.

**Until a nation realises the predominant economic importance of changes in its general wage and salary level and utilises small percentage changes, by Government decrees from time to time, as a means of maintaining stability in its general price level, its civilisation can only flounder in its progress.**

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conveyed with detail but without labour, and both major and minor characters are perfectly convincing. The character of Nahum—that is the problem! The writer has chosen to remain objective towards that part of him from which the mystery arises: we are shown his horror at his sin, but afterwards we see him only from the outside. Did Yoshe wilfully suppress knowledge of his past life as Nahum, or had he forgotten it? On his return, he seemed to remember the Yoshe period. The book would have been even larger in scope, and probably finer in achievement, had we been given the answer to the question, was it deliberate penance or dissociated personality? But fine and large it is. Messrs. Gollancz are to be congratulated on its publication and on their discovery of a really good translator: I had to remind myself that the book had not been composed in English.

*The Sinner* sets out to be a work of art and succeeds; *Two Loves I Have* makes the attempt and fails. At the end, one has that purposeless impression which means that the inner core of urgency was wanting in its composition. The story is leisurely and depends entirely on our interest being aroused in Anthony, a playwright who is torn between his mistress, Lucy, with whom he has lived for some years, and an Italian peasant girl, Nilla—a peasant girl such as never was on sea or land. Anthony, on whom Mr. Pitman lavishes his attention and whom he conducts through several quite irrelevant incidents, never ceases to be a shadowy figure, and the subsidiary characters with their Bohemian idiosyncrasies and interminable quasi-highbrow conversations are a fearful bore. The writing is cultured and careful—sometimes careful in the wrong way: when Anthony watched Nilla bathing she "emerged from the pool to a bank covered with gleaming star-like flowers and lay down on her slim belly in a little anguish of sensuous delight."

*Love on the Dole* does not fall easily into any of our categories: it is a book written out of experience and indignation—but indignation harnessed for the purposes of art and experience which includes the practice of writing. Only very occasionally is Mr. Greenwood naive, as when, resentment overcoming good sense, he states that Sally, his hero's sister, had "a face and form such as any society dame would have given three-quarters of her fortune to possess." The scene is the slums of Manchester; the career of Harry is traced from his leaving school and a part-time clerkship in a pawnshop "where fire never burned no matter how cold the day," through his so-called apprenticeship in a mill, to love, unemployment, the cutting of his dole as a result of the Means Test, and his marriage to Helen, now with child. There is a vivid and convincing picture of a hunger march, ending in an unnecessary charge of the police, when Sally's lover Larry is truncheoned without provocation—a scene perfectly credible to anyone who was in Hyde Park on a recent occasion. Indeed, the whole book is painfully convincing; one is forced into familiarity with lives of grinding poverty and desperate insecurity in a manner so sober, so devoid of melodrama, at times so humorous that there is even a lurking exhilaration, such as often comes with the acquisition of knowledge. It is shameful to confess that one needs to read such a novel in order to realise afresh how an immense number of people live; but many of us do need constant reminder. That this reminder is embodied in such a shapely, controlled, convincing form, with a hero in whom one can believe as an individual, not merely sympathise with as a type, points to great talent, though not necessarily great promise, on the part of the author.

E. B. C. JONES

## BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

**Northward Ho! for Birds.** By H. CHISLETT. *Country Life.* 15s.

Mr. Chislett is a member of the British Ornithologist Union and of the Zoological Photographic Club who has been northward from the moors of Derbyshire through Scotland and Shetland to Öland and Lapland in search of rare birds. His book is a little under two hundred pages long; it contains eighty-seven excellent and beautiful photographs of fifty-one species, and in it, altogether, over a hundred and fifty species are mentioned. There is an introduction, in which Mr. Chislett apologises, like Hudson before him, for another book on birds, and a final chapter of concrete advice to bird-watchers and bird-photographers. Mr. Chislett's commonest birds are wrens, starlings, blackbirds, house-sparrows and cuckoos; his rarest make a long list, and he describes birds of which the average reader will never have heard and others which he has never seen except hanging in cold and skewered strings outside the poultry shops: fulmars, godwits, shags, shear-waters, goosanders, turnstones, blackcock and ptarmigan, and many more. These have all been observed with care and patience from a hide, "most frequently a little green tent, often decorated with heather and bracken." To some species Mr. Chislett devotes only a line or two, to none more than a few pages. His book reads like a series of notes taken at various times and places and now fitted together and given a rub over with journalistic polish. For, though Mr. Chislett takes photographs like an angel, he writes like Poor Poll. Through Hudson's eyes a linnet could become more exciting than a bird of paradise. The greatest of Mr. Chislett's faults is that in his hands the rarest of birds often seem duller than town sparrows. The book is, in short, heavily written, and it is ironical that Mr. Chislett should be at his best when he is describing not birds but flowers. These are the flowers of Öland:

> When we arrived the banks were strewn with long-stalked cowslips; and meadow saxifrage graced the wayside. On the commons spread sedum, cudweed, chive allumi and many dwarf species. Under the oaks it was pleasant to meet the lilies of the valley. Solomon's seal, herb paris, and the dainty spikes of the May lily. Regiments of orchids coloured the glades with masses of purple and yellow. The meadows were gay with pink spikes of the fragrant orchis and the dwarf orchis grew there too.

His birds never come as vividly before the mind as these flowers do. The truth is that in one short book he is concerned with far too many species; he wants us to see every animal in the Zoo in half a day. The result is that we are confused and in the end cannot remember the difference between one rare duck and another. The photographs are our salvation. In them the greenshanks and grebes and skuas and dunlins and the rest really come to life; they seem to have sensed the presence of the camera and to have posed in the most enchanting and illuminating situations for their pictures. And Mr. Chislett must be thanked and congratulated warmly as a bird-photographer. His pictures are worth publishing alone in a volume that could be more easily carried about by the bird-lover than the thick and cumbersome book in which they now appear.

H. E. BATES

## HEALTH AND EUGENICS

**The Health of England.** By T. W. HILL. *Cape.* 6s.

Dr. Hill, the author of this book, is an enthusiastic and enterprising Medical Officer of Health, attached to one of the large Boroughs of Greater London. He tells the story of Public Health administration in this country with the authority of experience and the lucidity of a good teacher. The greater part of the volume is informative, but is none the less interesting for that, for the writer's personal concern with the work and the schemes described is felt throughout. Some of his optimistic estimates of the beneficial results that would follow a more zealous application of existing knowledge are, perhaps, open to question; for of many of those diseases which Dr. Hill urges us to take steps to prevent, rather than to relieve, the true causes are yet unknown. Also, the author has more confidence in the hygienic potency of salaried medical specialists and of officialdom generally than most of those occupied with the personal care of the sick will find themselves able to share. Still, it is not until we come to the final section of the book, that devoted to racial hygiene, that the reader will find scope for wide difference of opinion.

As means for the improvement of our racial stock, Dr. Hill looks largely, if not mainly, to the spread of accurate knowledge of the methods of contraception on the one hand, and to the sterilisation of the unfit on the other. The case for the spread of contraceptive knowledge, especially among the poor is, from the point of view of personal well-being—if religious prejudices are disregarded—beyond dispute. It is difficult, however, given the author's standpoint, to see how this would materially affect our racial quality; for Dr. Hill argues that this country is not over-populated, and he does not share the common notion that the most prolific classes—that is, the poor—are less efficient and less racially desirable than the infertile rich. The author's conception of humanity, indeed, seems a little narrow and formal. "There is only one quality worth propagating," he writes, "namely, intelligence." Thinking thus, it is perhaps not unnatural that he enthusiastically urges the sterilisation of so-called mental defectives, falling into which category Dr. Hill estimates that there are in this country some 300,000 persons. But if we

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Mr. Shaw's address to the Academy of Political Science at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on the 11th April, 1933.

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## BENITO MUSSOLINI

### THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DOCTRINE OF FASCISM

This was written last year by Mussolini to be published in the 14th volume of the Enciclopedia Italiana. It is said that an article for this volume had been previously written by someone else but when submitted to the Duce for his approval, he refused to allow it to be published and said that he would have to write it himself. The result was the present article. It is the only statement of the theoretical or philosophic basis of Fascism made by Mussolini. The English translation by Jane Soames is now published for the first time and has been approved by the Italian Government.

SIR MAURICE AMOS—*Essays in Law Reform: II. Should We Codify the Law*
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were really determined, by the wholesale performance of this operation, seriously to reduce the incidence of mental deficiency, logic would inevitably drive us to sterilise not only this third of a million individuals but also the "dull and backward" people in the community (estimated at 10 per cent. of the whole population), who carry in their germ-plasm the taint of "feeble-mindedness" as a recessive character. The author falls into the fallacy of assuming that feeble-mindedness is heritable as a simple Mendelian unit; and we are consequently not surprised when that old chestnut, the Kallikak family, is trotted out and its genealogical tree displayed, with all the honours given to the pedigree of a ruling house. In fact, the evidence that forms the basis of this family history is of the flimsiest, most of the diagnoses of feeble-mindedness having been made on hearsay many decades after the individuals concerned have been safely buried. The author invokes the authority of Dr. Tredgold, who considered that some 80 per cent. of mental defectives are such by reason of "bad heredity"; but it was Dr. Tredgold who also stated that his own very extensive observations "show that, in relation to the total number of defectives, the proportion of those who are the offspring of a certifiably defective parent or parents is extremely small. It follows that if every defective in existence a generation ago had been sterilised the number of defectives to-day would not have been appreciably diminished. It also follows that if every defective now existing were to be sterilised the result a generation hence would be insignificant." It is fair to say that Dr. Hill insists, as a condition of sterilisation, that the individual to be operated on must understand the purpose and nature of the operation, and must give his consent; or, if he is under the age of twenty-one, the parent or guardian must so understand and consent. The choice open to us seems to be between general compulsion with trivial effectiveness and voluntary sterilisation with complete futility. The book as a whole is so well-informed and well-inspired that the unscientific and unimaginative treatment of this as yet little understood question is the more to be regretted. HARRY ROBERTS

## SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S NOTE-BOOK

**The United States of Europe and Other Papers.** By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

This book is a series of essays in constructive international thinking by a great international civil servant. They are, as Sir Arthur explains in his preface, not official documents, but rather "a record in writing of the kind of arguments in discussion in which any official interested in his work is constantly engaged with others of like interests." It has been his habit for many years to commit to writing his reflections on the wider aspects of the questions presenting themselves for current decision and action, with the two-fold object of clearing his own mind and of influencing his colleagues or others whose views were likely to determine policy.

A series of *papiers d'occasion* of this sort, dating back as far as 1919, runs two obvious risks: that of being caviar to the general and that of being belied by events.

The former danger is avoided by excellent editing. The editor, Mr. W. Arnold-Forster, has given succinct and clear pictures of the backgrounds out of which each paper arose and of the relevant subsequent events. As to the latter danger, it is really astonishing how these papers have stood the test of time. With two or three unimportant exceptions the course of events has been just what the author foresaw. In some cases the paper has proved the starting point of developments which brought about the results the author desired. Throughout the reader has the feeling that he is studying not academic documents, but the raw materials on which decisions have been framed and action taken.

The subjects dealt with in these papers, while all interconnected, may fall broadly into three groups: the organisation of the League, the United States and world co-operation, and the application of sanctions.

On the second subject, the chapters on "The League and America," "If the United States Joined the League," "The Kellogg Pact," "Freedom of the Seas," and "Notes on Security and Confidence," written between eight and nine years ago, foreshadow the main lines along which the relationship between the United States and the League has grown, and propose the very policy which Secretary of State Stimson, President Roosevelt and Mr. Norman Davis have since announced. Sir Arthur also makes some sound observations on the dangers of the "self-defence" hole in the Kellogg Pact. The editor draws the moral in the case of Japan. This brings us to the question of sanctions. On this subject Sir Arthur, with a much-needed emendation by the editor in the light of the interpretations of the Covenant advanced during the Sino-Japanese conflict, discusses the mutual relations of, and ways of applying, Articles 10, 11, 13, 15, and 16. On their practical side these discussions, particularly in view of the subsequent American declarations, show that economic and financial sanctions are feasible. On their juristic side they would seem to justify the conclusion that members of the League should, through the Assembly, pledge themselves to interpret the unanimity rule of the Covenant as being subject to the general principle of law *nemo potest judex esse in re sua*, the Court to decide in case of doubt as to when this principle may properly be invoked.

Dealing with the situation of the League, Sir Arthur displays his well-known aversion from Geneva. He complains that Geneva "is outside and remote from the main political and economic currents of the world," is "not a very accessible place of conference for responsible and overburdened Ministers, and has no very inspiring associations or traditions." The League's official staff may become denationalised, "living in a provincial capital, cut off from any live contact with any of the real instruments of government throughout the world. . . . The great danger of the League, in a word, is that it will die of dullness. Geneva will be a suburb, not a centre, in the world's government." It may be suggested that as regards communications Geneva is as accessible as any other city, and that in so far as Geneva is unsuitable as the seat of the League it is because of too much, not too little, national atmosphere. The ridiculous attitude of the Swiss Government and public opinion to the Soviet Union has retarded and vitiated League co-operation with that country. The persecution of newspaper correspondents accredited to the League, and the slaughter last November when the Swiss authorities lost their heads at a street demonstration, are further cases in point. But what city in Europe would be better than Geneva to-day?

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On the role of the great Powers in the League Sir Arthur's views undergo a considerable evolution. Writing soon after the war he assumes that "arrangements will doubtless be made throughout the organisation to secure that (as in the war organisations and the Peace Conference) there is a kind of inner circle of the great countries . . . and an outer circle of the smaller countries." In 1926 and 1930 he writes of the influence of the "disinterested" powers as a vital and indispensable element in the formation of any League decision, and discusses arrangements for ensuring the presence of this element on all occasions.

On the international character of the Secretariat Sir Arthur starts by arguing powerfully that there should be at Geneva so-called National Secretaries, paid by, and primarily responsible to, their own Governments, but charged with maintaining liaison between the League and those Governments, representing to the latter the international, to the former the national, point of view. These Secretaries should enjoy the complete confidence of their own Governments, have access to Cabinet Minutes, and generally be perfectly informed as to the national policy of their own Governments. Later (Chap. VIII) this view is abandoned, and a strong plea put forward for senior members of the Secretariat having a dual function, as international officials and as liaison officers with their respective delegations and each other, to pool their knowledge and efforts with a view to influencing Governments collectively and individually to adopt League policies. The practice of having resident delegates in Geneva is emphatically rejected as tending to exaggerate nationalist influences and reduce the status of the Secretariat. But even Sir Arthur admits that this dual function has never been officially recognised. He might have added that the whole tendency since the early years of the Secretariat has been in the opposite direction. Sir Arthur himself when he left was one of the last of a band that had long been dwindling. The Secretariat since the last Assembly, and with the advent of the new Secretary-General, is composed of a purely administrative rank and file, doing departmental routine duties, and a small group of higher officials who are National Secretaries in the worst sense. This system combines the worst of both worlds, and is hypocritical to boot. The only way out would appear to be to face the facts and say that Powers who want National Secretaries at Geneva must pay for them themselves in the shape of resident delegates, and that all the political appointments (the extra deputy Secretary-General and the under Secretaries-General) in the Secretariat should be abolished. There are reasons for believing that this system would make not only for honesty, but for a better working of the League system.

There is much in the paper of May, 1919, that is startlingly apposite to the present day. The instinctive attitude to the League of every Government and National Department, says Sir Arthur, is "a mixture of ignorance, indifference, and irritation." As for public opinion,

> there has been a very serious reaction. The elections, the tendency of the press in the United Kingdom, America and elsewhere, and the conduct and spirit of the peace [read "Far Eastern, Disarmament and Economic"] negotiations serve to show clearly that if the real and final opinion of the public is adequately expressed in the present Parliaments, Governments, and press of the world, the League is hopeless. Nothing can secure it except a strong and new impulse from public opinion outside. But, fortunately, there are many reasons to believe that there is a strong potential public opinion which may develop the requisite force and impetus.

But in 1931 Sir Arthur remarks that the world to-day is being held back economically and politically by the lack of confidence in the maintenance of peace. The fundamental cause of this is

> a doubt as to whether the "universal" or "collective" principle, which is embodied alike in the Covenant, the Kellogg Pact, and the Locarno Treaty, will prevail over the alternative policy of each country relying on its own military strength, or its own strength fortified by military alliances. These two principles are now visibly competing for the mastery of the world's fate. . . . If year by year the first becomes more and more the real and recognised basis of each nation's security, and the effective basis of its policy, peace will be assured. If year by year the movement is in the other direction; if armaments grow; if alliances strengthen and harden; if the actual power of Covenant and Kellogg Pact seem more shadowy and speculative, war will ultimately be inevitable.

Since these words were written the situation has become much clearer and tragically urgent. The sands are running out. World policy is hardening on lines that portend major convulsions and great bloodshed in the Far East and Europe, with Germany and Japan as the storm centres. Only decisive changes in the political balance of power in one or more great countries can avert the catastrophe. That is impossible unless those who believe in democracy, peace and the unity of mankind act on their beliefs with the same courage and faith as are displayed by the devotees of nationalism and idolators of war. This is unlikely until the development of present policies has brought us to widespread starvation and the verge of Armageddon. Then it will probably be too late.

## THREE SOCIAL PROBLEMS

**Passion.** By ROBERT NEUMANN. *Hutchinson.* 6s.

**The Odyssey of a Lonely Woman.** By ALMA KARLIN. *Gollancz.* 18s.

**This Kidnapping Business.** By EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"; and Mr. Robert Neumann's book—excellently translated from the German—would shock the respectable, bore the *blasé*, and give the psycho-analysts hours of enjoyment, whatever its title. He has compressed the story of six literary marriages—those of Shelley, Strindberg, Dostoevsky, Goethe, Byron and Balzac—into a small book; and the result is a study of the wear and tear of passion as it works its havoc on the minds and bodies of the good or great. Perhaps Mr. Neumann piles on the agony with too heavy a hand, and never contents himself with a simple motive for behaviour if a more elaborate one can be manufactured; but there can be no doubt of the power of his little book.

Another book, but from Austria, deals with the problem of loneliness—one, indeed, which stands at the opposite pole to Mr. Robert Neumann's—for Miss Karlin admits that she regards the body as an inviolable sanctuary, which a woman may one day give to a man whom she regards as a saint; but to nobody else. The book is an unusual one of its kind. The authoress set out upon her perilous adventures immediately after the war with the least possible minimum of luggage in her hand and about as little love for humanity in her heart. Your globe-trotter—whether man or woman—is generally in love with the human race; but Miss Karlin shall speak for herself in the midst of her South American tour:

> Then I did something that I had never done before: I lifted up my hands, as the prophets of Israel once did, and cursed the whole land with touching impartiality—the earth, the plants, the stones, the beasts, the people and everything that belonged to them. The only exceptions I made were for Misti, which seemed always to exude some superior, distant sympathy for me and the donkeys of Arequipa (but only the four-legged ones!), whose lot was as hard as mine.

One does not expect insight or acute observation from a mentality of this kind; and we do not get either. Miss Karlin went in constant fear of rape and murder—sleeping for several nights with a poisoned dagger in her hand—and certainly experienced some terrible adventures. She complains of returning "badly broken"—a not very surprising phenomenon; but why did she go? She hated the discomforts of her journeys, despised most of the coloured races with whom she came in contact, and only seemed to find happiness during that part of her voyage in which she had the good sense to settle down as one amid a group, forget her loneliness, and earn her daily bread; but, even after this, we see little change of her social outlook as she contemplates the Far East.

> The presence of these Russian women is however a danger not only from the moral standpoint but also from the political. They spread their rebellious views among the lowest, and therefore the most numerous, masses of the people; and they are like a cancerous sore in that they are lowering the Asiatic respect for whites as whites and are thus endangering the future of white races in the Orient, and perhaps throughout the world.

From this piece of impudence, in which we are told that "whites as whites" are to be respected in a continent in which they are, on any showing, an intrusion, we pass over to the home of the whites in the extreme west. Here we are faced with a problem which, though it has probably never been unknown in any time or place since the dawn of civilisation, has reached its acutest form in modern America. Kidnapping for the sake of a ransom is kidnapping in its least complicated form; and Mr. Sullivan gives us a book of adventure rather than of study or analysis.

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This book describes the economic organisation of the Fascist Corporative State and emphasises the real achievements of the System, mainly in the field of industrial relations. The growing influence of a spirit of syndical cohesion among employers and workers, as participants in national production, is shown in the development of the occupational associations and in the constitution of the organs responsible for the Italian economic movement.

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Lindbergh child. Cruelty, treachery, theft and heroism chase one another through his pages. Perhaps the most tragical element in these cases of kidnapping is the number of times in which the kidnapped child is murdered even before the ransom for his return is demanded. Some of these murders have been executed with such brutality that one cannot help thinking that an element of perversion plays a part in these cases. ASHLEY SAMPSON

## A GREAT OCCASION

**Trafalgar.** By A. F. FREMANTLE. *Peter Davies.* 5s.

The victory of Trafalgar was the crowning event in a long series of actions and manoeuvres which finally saved England from any serious menace of invasion by the French. It cannot, in itself, be reckoned as a decisive battle of the world, for the reason that, before ever it was fought, circumstances had forced Napoleon to abandon the Channel project and to send his army of Boulogne across the continent to Austria. But the importance of Trafalgar in another direction must not be minimised. The Mediterranean lay open to the combined French and Spanish fleet, and Napoleon (Sept. 15th) had actually sent orders to Villeneuve with the command of that sea and its shipping as objective. It was while Villeneuve was endeavouring to crawl through the Straits ("The sea like a mill-pond but with an ominous swell rolling in from the Atlantic") that Nelson delivered his famous attack, cut the combined fleet in two, and rewarded the British Navy with a victory of which it had already made certain by three years of incessant blockade.

Mr. Fremantle has not confined himself to a description of the battle. He has summarised in preceding chapters the events which led up to it: the English policy of a blockade and the continual schemes—he brings out clearly that in 1804, when Latouche-Treville was in command at Toulon, invasion was a serious and practicable threat—with which Napoleon tried to circumvent it. He devotes chapters to the composition and morale of the contending fleets, and another to a rather impersonal and skimpy sketch of Nelson before proceeding to an account of the wild chase to the West Indies and back on the heels of the French admiral's illusive squadron. One criticism on these chapters might justly be made. After such a careful consideration of the evidence at his disposal, the conclusions which the author draws as to the use of the cat in the British Fleet as a disciplinary measure make, to say the least of it, depressing reading.

> There were many seamen who took a pride in never having been put upon the report of the master-at-arms, but if they were, their hearts were usually of tougher stuff than to be broken by a dozen at the gangway. The suggestion as to the bad man appears to be that moral obliquity acts as a sort of anaesthetic; no other meaning can be attached to the allegation that a depraved man cares so little for a flogging that he comes up for it again and again.

It is incredible, in the light of modern prison research, that Mr. Fremantle should still hold such antiquated views on the value of corporal punishment as a deterrent to crime. But apart from this one slip the author is to be congratulated on the pains he has taken to include, in a short book, all the relevant facts pertaining to Trafalgar and the circumstances which made it and its issue inevitable. RICHARD STRACHEY

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Walking in the Lake District.** By H. H. SYMONDS. *Maclehose.* 7s. 6d.

For some reason the Lake District provokes better writing than most parts of the country; perhaps because it has survived the encomiums of guide-books and visitors' verses, and being closed to motorists no longer tempts the vaguely descriptive writer. Mr. Symonds has written a book for walkers which will give pleasure to anyone who knows the Lake District well and instruction to those who are visiting it for the first time. He knows his ground remarkably well, and his exact itineraries should be invaluable. The chapter on Ennerdale is particularly welcome, because this valley is usually skimped in both guide-book and travelogue. *Walking in the Lake District* is one of the three or four best books that have been written on its subject.

**Fontainebleau.** By EDMOND PILON. Translated by JOHN GILMER. *Herbert Jenkins.* 6s.

This admirable piece of book-production so exactly resembles the well-known Medici Series of illustrated travel-books that we mention this resemblance as the highest praise one could give to a book of this sort. The only difference seems to be in price: this new volume, published by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, costs 6s., whereas the volumes in the Medici Series were 7s. 6d. At this price the book is really astoundingly cheap, for it contains 148 photogravures excellently reproduced, and print, paper and binding are all first-class. M. Pilon's historical and descriptive sketch of the Palace is a good piece of writing, besides providing the tourist with more directions than he will find in most of the guide-books. The illustrations—photographs of the scene, details of the interior, and reproductions of old prints and paintings—are excellently chosen. In spite of this wealth of illustration M. Pilon succeeds in bringing off some charming bits of description himself. The book finishes with a chapter on the Forest; perhaps he might have given a little more space to the town, but he has managed to pack a lot into a comparatively small text, and has kept it continuously readable.

**Europe Since the War.** By J. HAMPDEN JACKSON. *Victor Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Here is a comprehensive history of Europe, country by country, from 1918 to 1932, in 142 pages, including the appendices. Evidently the thing cannot be done: Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, and all the contributors to the *Outline of Modern Knowledge*, rolled into one, could not do it. But Mr. Hampden Jackson is a worthy recruit to the Gollancz galaxy of popularisers, and this gallant attempt at the unattainable is far nearer success than one would imagine possible. The ideal of impartial objectivity, progressively harder to compass with every increase in compression, is ingeniously achieved mainly by allowing the spokesmen of opposing national interests and political creeds to speak for themselves in judicious quotations. Where no quotable passages have been handy the author has himself assumed the role of counsel for the defence, but never that of judge. Records of events, interpretation and biographical matter have been skilfully balanced and the style is better than merely competent.

The weak point is economics. Mr. Hampden Jackson's analysis of Great Britain's economic position in 1931 is superficial and downright incorrect, though here—as in his account of the general European situation a few pages further on—he partly seems to have been betrayed by his metaphors. And with all due respect to Lord Astor's *Land and Life*, which is quoted as authority, it simply will not do to declare without qualification, apropos of the Fascist ideal of national self-sufficiency, that "Great Britain could support her present population of forty-five millions without importing a ton of food from abroad if she would reorganise her own agricultural system." The general merits of this ambitious little book lead one to expect better of its author than this sort of thing.


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# About Motoring

## MOTOR CAR SALESMEN

A SOCIALIST peer, true to his colours, has been—not selecting a Park, Ward body for a Rolls, but endeavouring to trade off an extremely ancient Austin for an Austin of a later, but not a current, vintage. In this pursuit he has encountered numerous small fry of the salesman world, who have exasperated him to the point of inviting me to pillory them. I am in doubt as to his motives. When I last met him he was the principal speaker at a banquet wherein I figured as a chiel takin' notes; he impressed me as an exceedingly urbane gentleman, as peers go; possibly he thinks my tongue more venomous than his own. He can hardly suppose that these unintelligent touts read such a journal as this. However, pilloried they shall be.

His complaint is their utter lack of psychological instinct. Parading before him a succession of elderly motor cars, each more decrepit than the last, they consumed all the superlatives in the dictionary; and when these were exhausted, they fell back on those super-superlatives which are not to be found in any dictionary, but appear on the screen immediately after the announcement "Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Management will present . . ." Now whatever may be said against some Conservative peers, a Socialist peer is necessarily an intelligent person. This should be plain even to the (probably) untrained salesman of a village garage. So when such a salesman puts a 1929 car, which cost its last owner but three a mere £200, through its paces before a Socialist peer, he should obviously exercise restraint in superlatives; for we cannot expect any salesman (in spite of the "truth in advertising" campaign) to remark, "This car, may lord, is obviously very old, very shabby, very creaky, very slow, and infernally rattlesome." But no sane salesman should remark of such a car—even to a Tory lordling—that it has done a microscopic mileage, is the handsomest ever turned out of the works, miraculously silent, as fast as a Bentley, and so forth. Several salesmen rattled off this sort of tripe to our Socialist peer, and at the finish he shooed them all away, and tipped a proletariat brother (*i.e.*, another peer's chauffeur) to find him a secondhand car in good order. My Socialist peer is terribly individualist for a gentleman of his opinions. Each autumn the motor journals are full of angry complaints about the faultlessly dressed youngsters who adorn the stands at Olympia. Correspondents admire their dress, their hair, their bearing, their diction, but urge a preference for people who understand motor cars, and can make Aunt Jemima comprehend in two minutes what a fluid-flywheel is, and how it functions. My peer takes the opposite view. He is cursed by his ancestry with a few wealthy Tory relatives, with whom he must display some faint affinity—blood, after all, is thicker than water. So on occasions he accompanies his nephews and cousins to the West End on car-buying expeditions, and he sees these smart, plaster-haired salesmen in action. He adores them. You enter their showroom, and though they instantly recognise your trio as consisting of an earl, a marquis and a viscount, they treat you with the same languid disdain as some loathsome offal imported by the cat. After failing to galvanise their aloofness by displaying interest in the cars you (*i.e.*, the earl, the marquis, and the viscount) reverently approach them, and essay some conversational gamut. They gaze down from Olympus for a leisurely second or two, and somehow contrive to indicate without any verbal offensiveness that their cars are not for such as you. You realise that their normal clientele consists exclusively of crowned heads; that somehow you have the wrong sort of face, or your barony is too recent, or your tailor is unspeakable, or something. Nettled by this assumption of authority you end by purchasing the most expensive car in the shop. This, considers my peer, is the veritable acme of salesmanship. On his last excursion of the kind he was sorely tempted to sell Marx Villa, and buy a Rolls, even if it could not be a very new Rolls.

Since he has thus fairly launched me on the subject of selling cars, I may relevantly describe my last personal buy. I took one of those sudden, insane decisions to which motoring manhood falls a periodic victim, and decided to buy a new car. I did not tell my wife. I did not even tell my banker, who had a fair right to criticise this extravagance. The whole affair commenced in the lightning and decisive fashion characteristic of the modern he-man. I happened to see an advertisement in the local paper that the Vermilion Garage, twelve miles away, was holding a special Slinky Streak demonstration week; all models would be there, driven by famous experts, and a trial run created no obligation whatsoever. The Slinky Streak costs no more than I generally pay, and boasts a bonnet about eighteen inches longer than any bonnet which I have ever owned. Need I say more? I rang up the Vermilion Garage, and in an hour I was out on the road in a 20 h.p. Slinky Streak, driven by a very famous person indeed. I did not buy it. The bonnet fulfilled the specification. The car was even handsomer than a cheap block could possibly have led me to expect. But I could not see either front wing from the driving seat. One entered the rear cockpit in a backward and precarious fashion by presenting one's stern to the entrance, and doing some such backward hitch as small boys effect when trussed for cock-fighting.

But mark the sequel. Within the next three days eight other agents called on me, all eager to demonstrate cars of similar price, speed, type, and bonneting. Does this imply that firms subsidise office boys in rival establishments to inform them of what I believe are called "contacts" in the trade? Or does it mean that when the manager of the Vermilion Garage fails to reap a handsome commission by selling me a Slinky Streak, he sticks a rival firm for a moiety of their commission in return for a synopsis of my name, address, and desires? If so, I begin to understand why retail commissions in the motor trade are so high, and why unknown men suddenly expand into magnates in this industry simply by dint of selling cars for a few years. As an earnest person who hates putting a premium on dishonesty I retorted by buying a car from an entire stranger 200 miles away. But my experience may assist the Socialist peer in interpreting his own. Both combine to suggest that a certain type of motor salesman is an almost complete stranger to both truth and honour. It is our money that he wants.

R. E. DAVIDSON

# Playtime

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 27.—FAMILY BRIDGE

Six men and their wives played Bridge at three tables arranged in a row East to West, two men and two women at each table. No man played at the same table as his wife, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat facing one another and so did Mr. and Mrs. Brown. In the play of the first hand of the evening the spades held by Mr. Robinson, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Green were A, K, 9, 8, 3; 10, 8, 2; Q, 5. 2; Q. J, 10, 9, 7, 6 respectively, and Mrs. Thomas held six spades. One woman at each table was dummy and sat facing North. The play, apart from that of Mrs. Robinson who almost revoked on the second round of spades, was of good class. Mrs. Robinson explained that her attention was distracted by her partner's having just dropped a card. Mrs. Green's partner made a grand slam in spades.

*How were the players seated at each table?*

PROBLEM 25.—THE STAGGERED SPIRE

*The axis of the spire is thirteen feet from that of the nearest pinnacle.*

This is on the assumption that lines drawn to points on the tower from the various points on the road are, to all intents and purposes, parallel.

Many solvers however have presented intricate calculations showing a quite alarming acquaintance with trigonometry. All answers in the neighbourhood of thirteen feet are accepted.

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